WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MASS CULTURE? . . . BY D. M. WHITE

Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 3 1956 20¢

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

Mathematics: The Esperanto of the Vote-Forecasting Robots

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"Man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for" – *Robert Browning*

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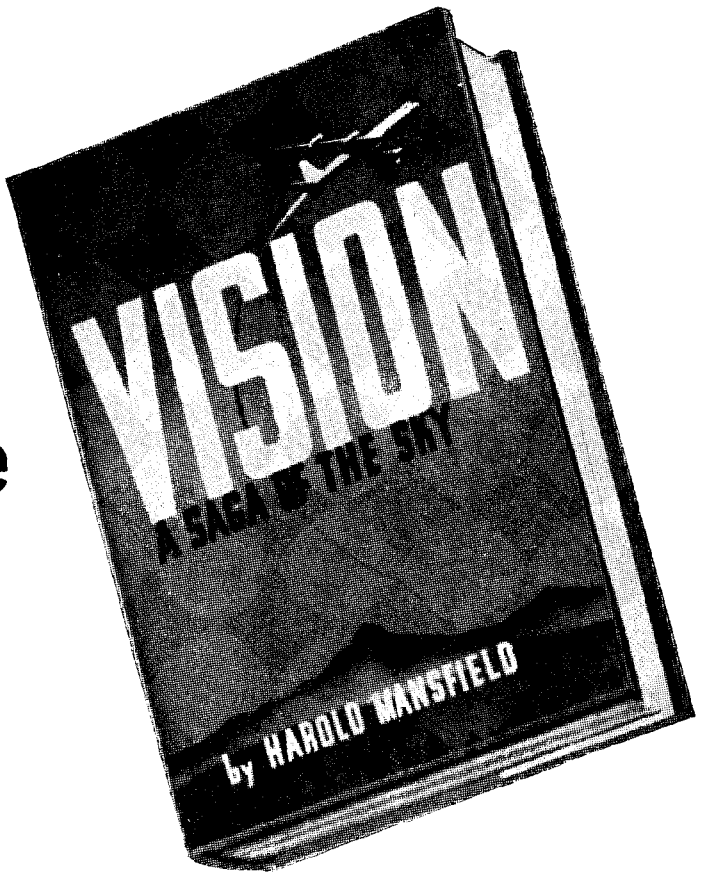

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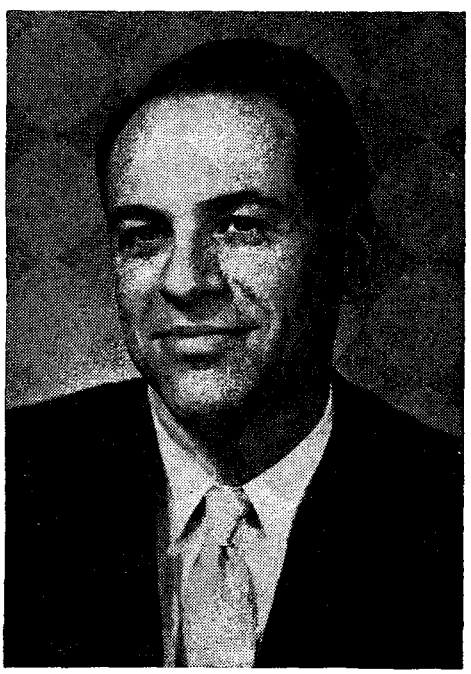

HAROLD MANSFIELD

"He felt a shake and a boost. There was a surge of power against the small of his back. The din of the motor filled his ears as the water dropped away. In another minute the whole landscape was tilting up beside him like a flat picture plate being raised on edge and he realized they were banking and turning away from the lake. Boeing looked down upon Westervelt and the tiny group on the shore... He felt a certain mastery he had been seeking... *Man was meant to fly...*"

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Editor-at-Large

I can think of at least three groups of readers who will like Bruce Catton's new book, "This Hallowed Ground":

Those who enjoy reading about the Civil War; those who decided, three historical novels back, they had had enough of the Civil War; those who have no strong feelings one way or the other about the Civil War, but who care for fine writing.

"This Hallowed Ground" is the story of the Union side of the Civil War. Bruce Catton, whose "A Stillness at Appomattox" won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize, is just about the best Civil War historian writing today.

His new book has an excitement, an insight, a sense of immediacy, and above all a perfectly developed literary style which can make even the reader most thoroughly grounded in the field feel that he is reading about it for the first time.

"This Hallowed Ground" is about "a country that could do anything except divide into separate pieces." Granting that any publisher should be viewed skeptically when he uses the word "great," we at Doubleday still believe that this is a great book.

Certainly it is a genuine reading experience. I recommend as strongly as I know how that you get it now and read it now.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"This Hallowed Ground" ($5.95), by Bruce Catton is published by Doubleday & Company and is the November selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It is part of the Mainstream of America series and a companion volume to Clifford Dowdey's "The Land They Fought For: The Story of the South as the Confederacy" ($5.75). Both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which is located at 105 E. City Line Avenue, Bala Cynwyd, Penna.

This is the 100th Editor-at-Large column to appear here and elsewhere. To celebrate the occasion I have 6 autographed copies of the first edition of "This Hallowed Ground" to give to readers of this column. Send your name and address on a card or in a letter to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. On November 15 I will draw at random the names of the six lucky recipients.

The Saturday Review

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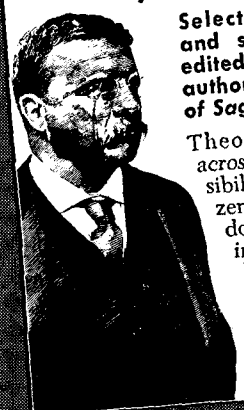
By Theodore Roosevelt



Selections from his writings and stories from his record edited by Hermann Hagedorn, author of *The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill*

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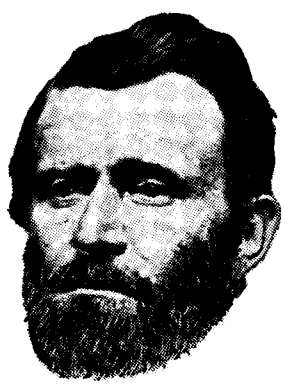
LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL

Vol. IV: Iuka to Vicksburg

By KENNETH P. WILLIAMS



"Grant's achievement forms the primary theme of the fourth volume of Kenneth P. Williams' important new military history of the war *Lincoln Finds a General.* Williams presents one of the most convincing portrayals ever written of Grant's greatness—his modesty and unselfishness, his judgment (so superbly balanced that its very evenness prevented it from appearing brilliant), his care for the men under him, and his truly unique moral power of decision."

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"...his vast knowledge of the 'Official Records,' his critical eye for the lapses of many previous authors who are corrected in his footnotes, his incomparably accurate and detailed narrative make him an authority as commanding as any, and establish for him a place with Freeman and Catton as one of a great triumvirate of Civil War historians."

DAVID M. POTTER—*The Saturday Review*

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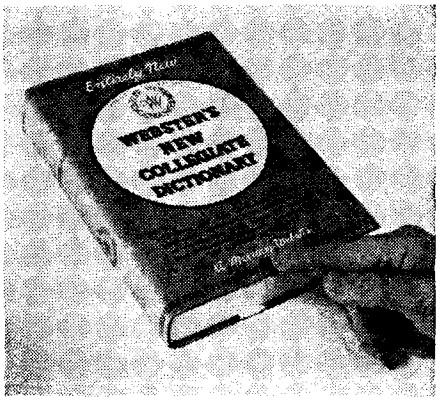

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TRADE Winds

THE HOLIDAY SEASON every bookseller lives for is just about getting under way, but publishers are already polishing up plans for their headliners of the Spring 1957 campaign. You need no crystal ball to predict that one of the blockbusters will be Daphne du Maurier's new novel "The Scapegoat." Within a week of receipt of the manuscript by Ken McCormick at Doubleday's, the *Ladies' Home Journal* had signed for first serial rights, John Beecroft had tapped it for the Literary Guild's March selection, and Reader's Digest Condensed Books had it down for April. Official publication date for "The Scapegoat" is February 20. The story concerns an English university professor who visits France for a vacation and an opportunity to brush up on modern idioms. In a small French inn he runs into a count who happens to be his double. The count, up to his neck in trouble, sees a chance to get off the hook. He puts dope in the professor's drink, steals his passport, clothes, and baggage and vamooses, after depositing the unconscious victim in his own room. You take it from there! . . . Du Maurier is not the only familiar name you'll be seeing on 1957 best-seller lists. Ayn Rand, Kenneth Roberts, James Jones, Edna Ferber, and James Michener all are coming up to scratch, with further encouraging activities observable in the camps of two other long-time champs: Hemingway and Faulkner.

ACCORDING TO HARRY BAUER, perky Director of Libraries at the University of Washington, Carl Wilson, who opens a new branch bookstore every time he checks his hat, called his lovely wife Mary one day long distance from Springfield, Mass., to the Wilson home on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound. "Mary," said Carl, "I'm thinking of taking on Huntting." "Good for you," enthused Mary. "High time you got a little exercise." So Carl walked out of the phone booth and bought the long-established H. R. Huntting Company of Springfield. . . .

A retired general pointed out at a luncheon the other day that the first three books about Guadalcanal were written by three young Americans who were completely unknown at the time: Ira Wolfert with "Battle for the Solomons," Richard Tregaskis with "Guadalcanal Diary," and John Hersey with "Into the Valley." All three books scored overnight successes, and the authors have been prospering ever since. Hersey, I would say, is one of the finest writers alive today. If you haven't already done so, I urge you to get hold of a copy of his "A Single Pebble" today. What a beautiful job it is!

EDWARD EVERETT TANNER III, who is both the "Patrick Dennis" who wrote "Auntie Mame" and the "Virginia Rowans" who wrote "The Loving Couple," qualifies as Publishers' Row's most succesful latterday pseudonymphomaniac. One of his publishers complains that it's hard pinning him down for a date these days: "He's too busy entertaining royalties." . . George Bernard Shaw liked to laugh, and this, according to St. John Ervine in "His Life, Work, and Friends," is the way he looked when he did it: "G.B.S. laughed with his whole body. His laughter would start in his feet, which seemed to dance, and ran up his long legs, shaking them thoroughly as it ran, and then it caught hold of his shoulders and almost shook them off. Then he would fling up his arms, smiting his hands together as if they were cymbals, and his legs would begin to be riotous." . . . Just about 180 years ago, well-trained redcoats commanded by General Sir William Howe chased tatterdemalion colonial revolutionists all the way from 34th Street to Columbia University — although, of course, neither of these institutions was in existence at the time. At first the colonials showed so little disposition to fight that their leader, George Washingon, dashed his cocked hat to the earth in a rage. At the Polo Grounds, however, the boys staged a spirited rally—something that certainly wasn't seen there in

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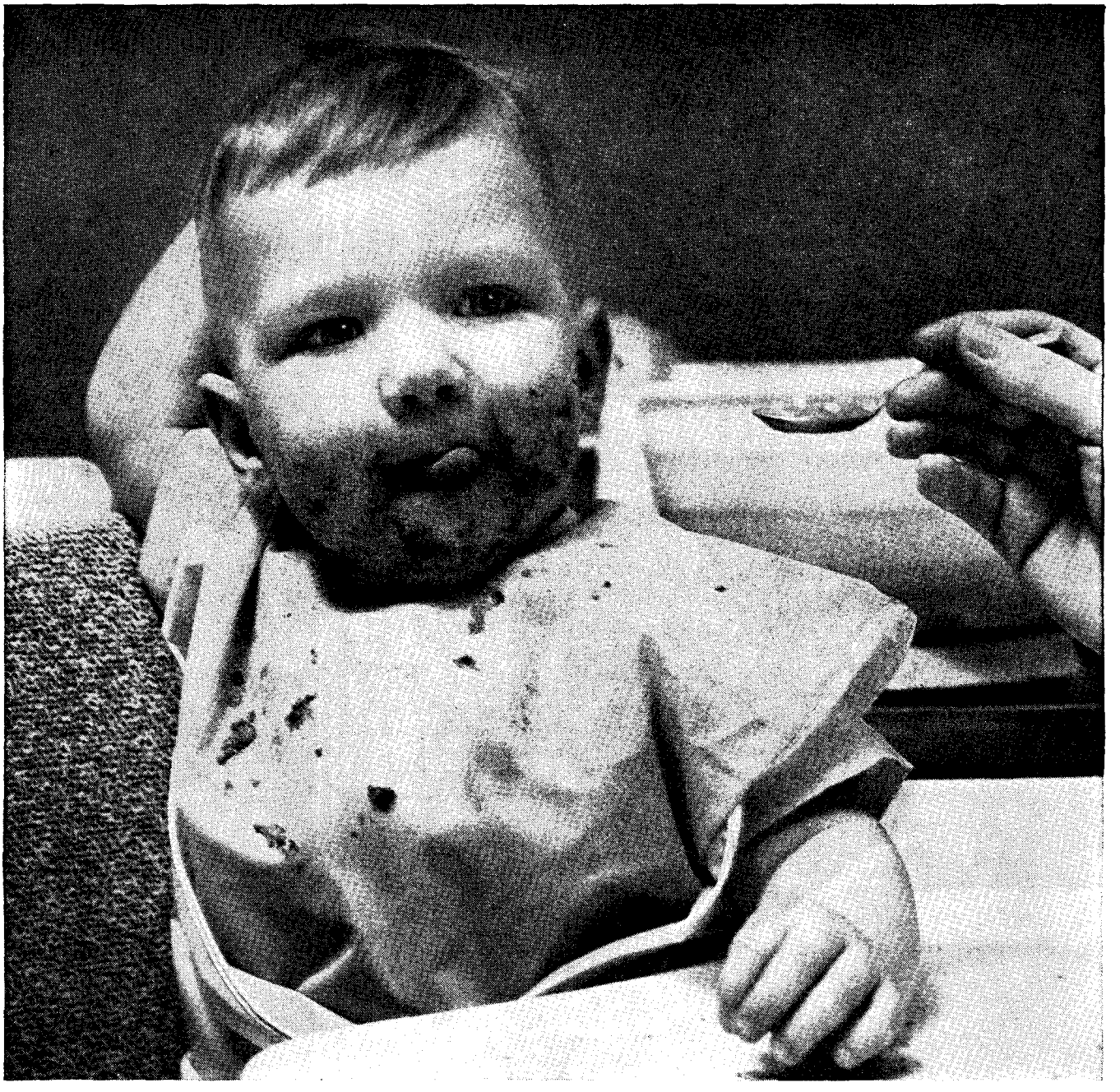

A picture of a man who owns the Electric Companies

Year-old Alexander Maier of Dayton, Ohio, is one of the newest of the 94 million owners of America's independent electric light and power companies.

Alexander's father has bought his son seven shares of stock in the Dayton Power and Light Company as a first-year birthday present. This makes young Alexander one of about 4 million *direct* owners who hold securities of the electric companies.

Alexander's *grandfather* just opened a savings account in the youngster's name. This makes him one of more than 90 million Americans who are *indirect* owners through their bank savings, insurance premiums or pension funds. Banks, insurance companies and pension fund trustees put much of this money to work in the securities of independent electric companies.

Some people would have the federal government take over all of the power companies. But isn't there a real danger in a single federal power monopoly — rather than in 400 independent electric light and power companies owned by more than 94 million people?

We believe that you'll feel this question is important to you — and deserves your serious thought. That's why this message is brought to you by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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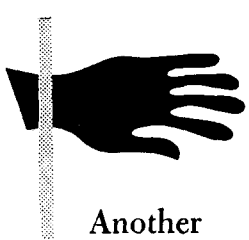

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Edited, with an Introduction
By George Marshall

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—Trevor Lloyd
in *New York Times Book Review*

". . . a narrative thrilling in its recounting of personal adventure, moving in its vistas of physical achievement and spiritual aspiration. [Its] importance lies in its implicit summation of the need of preserving wilderness areas in the welter of our fast-expanding modern society."

—Ernest Gruening
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the 1956 season. Bruce Bliven, Jr. tells the whole story in his enthralling "Battle for Manhattan"—just the book to read and savor while you're trapped in a taxicab in a midtown traffic jam smack on the spot where part of the battle took place!

MY RECENT PARAGRAPH about an elderly couple aboard the *Ile de France* who missed the rescue at sea of survivors from the *Andrea Doria* brought forth another story about that incredible disaster. It comes from a chap in theatrical circles who loves expensive handkerchiefs with elaborate monograms. When he learned that a friend was bound for Italy he asked him to bring back several dozen such handkerchiefs for him. When the friend returned he wore a long face. "I was aboard the *Andrea Doria*," he explained, "and all my baggage, of course, was lost—including those handkerchiefs I bought for you. I hate to ask under the circumstances—but I can use that $500 I laid out for you." Rather reluctantly, the stay-at-home wrote out a check. Many days later a suitcase from the *Andrea Doria* was found floating in the sea off Nantucket. Inside it, fresh and still perfectly laundered, were the initialled handkerchiefs!

"CHOCOLATES FOR BREAKFAST" is an extremely well-written book, but if it is an accurate picture of the way present-day sub-debs from fashionable finishing schools behave when innocent lads from Yale come a-calling careful parents would be better advised to have their daughters educated at a good, sensible reform school. The authoress of "Chocolates for Breakfast," Pamela Moore, we are told, is an eighteen-year-old student at Barnard, which lends emphasis to Bob Clurman's wry observation that young girls are writing books today they wouldn't even have been allowed to read a decade ago. . . . Eric Ambler's "State of Siege" is a characteristic tale of diplomatic intrigue. There is no author alive who does this sort of thing so well—and here is

Solution of Last Week's
Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1179)

Edwin O'Connor:
THE LAST HURRAH

It's just as easy to fall out over who said what to whose wife at a bridge party as over who voted which way on a harbor improvements bill—easier, in fact. Most of our politicians have a sentimental attachment for their wives.

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Ambler at the top of his form. . . . Whodunit writers, suggests Vincent Starrett, must be born punsters, and here are some recent titles to bear him out: "Dead Game"; "Diplomatic Corpse"; "Once Upon a Crime"; "Board Stiff"; "It's Raining Violence"; "Trial by Fury"; "Tight Rope"; "Dead Reckoning"; "Student Body"; "Thereby Hangs a Corpse"; and "Time to Kill." . . . Irv Kupcinet thinks that Egypt's Nasser hooked his Suez policy from Kenneth Dodson's novel: "Away All Boats."

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS Mr. Lipschitz had lunched at the same restaurant, and his order never varied: a plate of borscht and a package of soda crackers. The waiter never bothered even to ask what Mr. Lipschitz wanted: he put the soup and crackers in front of him, and not a word was spoken by either.

Suddenly, one noon Mr. Lipschitz called over the headwaiter and announced, "I want you should taste that borscht!" The headwaiter was nonplussed. "For eighteen years now we've served you that same borscht and never heard a peep out of you," he protested. "Nevertheless," insisted Mr. Lipschitz, "today I want you should taste it."

The headwaiter shrugged his shoulders, leaned over to taste the borscht, then said, "But where's your soup spoon?"

Mr. Lipschitz smiled triumphantly, lifted a finger, and said, "Ah *HAH*!"

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 697

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 697 will be found in the next issue

SYNLSTNKSWT SM NM

LWWF NM YNTB

GWBNLHM—NTF QWE YIDQ

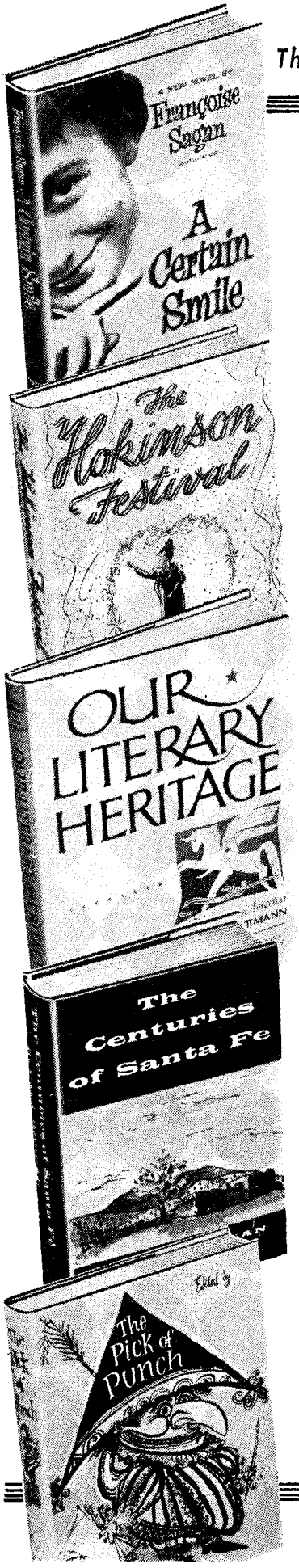
DQHNUHP.

—LHWPLH ESXXSNY DIPKSM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 696

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.



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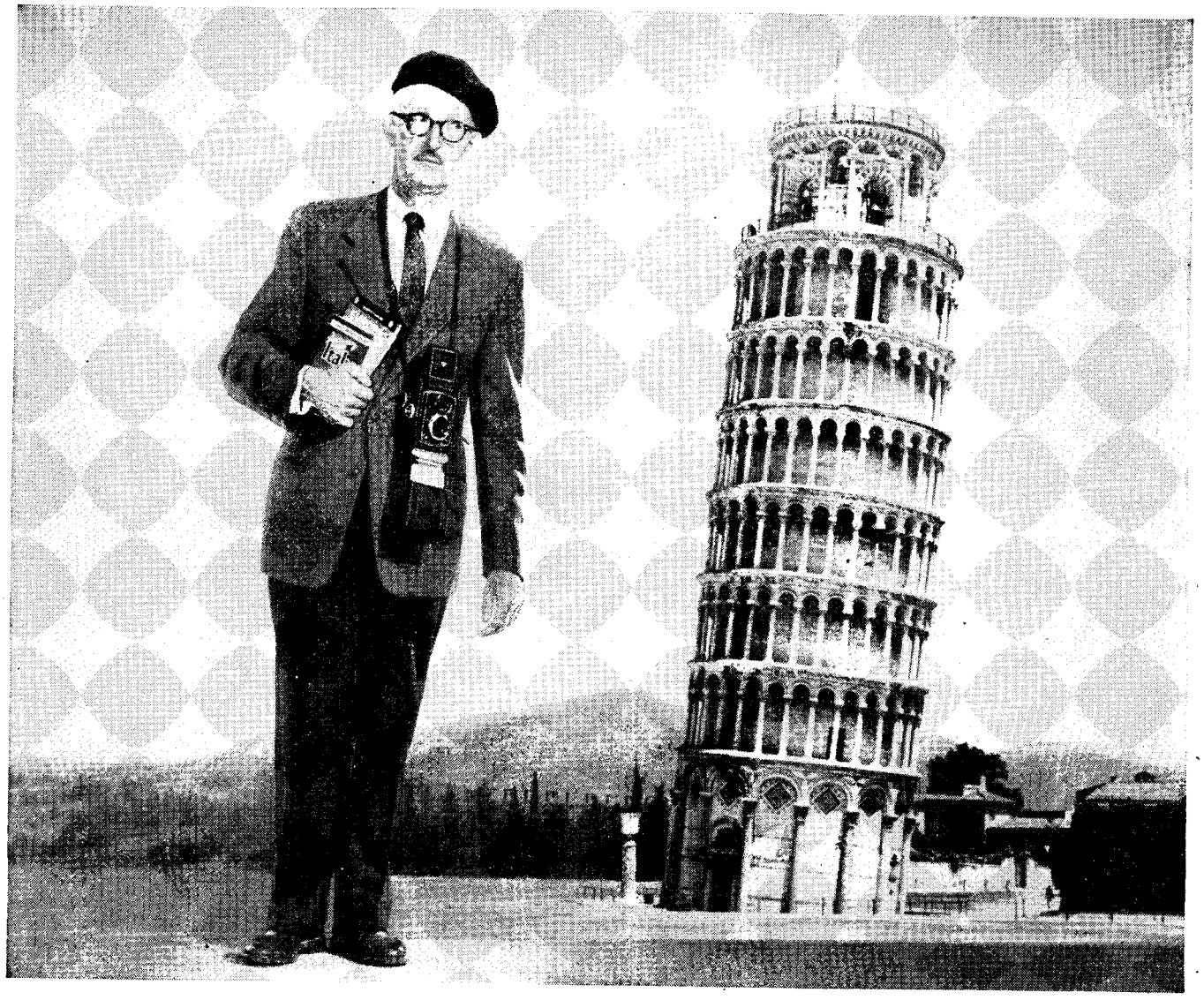

What makes a newspaper great?

Among the more picturesque sights on view in Europe last summer was a covey of 35 young American females fluttering through art galleries, opera houses and assorted ruins behind a harried, middle-aged male with an anxious expression.

The Leaning Tower of Strength in this crusade for culture was John K. Sherman, art and drama critic of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. Sherman's charges (a whole busload of them) were members of American Youth Abroad's Fine Arts Tour. And through Sherman's eyes, camera and battered typewriter, thousands of Upper Midwest stay-at-homes got the flavor and fun and thrills of the girls' 2-month, 11-country European tour colorfully recounted by John K. in a memorable and hilarious series of travel articles and reviews.

Between head-counting and roll-calling, he pointed his pen at jumbo events like the 28th Biennial Art Exhibition in Venice and the Berlioz Requiem in Salzburg—conducted by good friend Dimitri Mitropoulos, former conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. He found a touch of home in Amsterdam, where Rembrandt's "Lucretia" hangs in the Rijksmuseum—on loan from the Minneapolis Institute of Arts to help celebrate the 350th anniversary of the Dutch master's birth.

And he saw and heard the little things, too—the sign on the trash barrel in Edinburgh that read, "The amenity of our streets is recommended to your care" . . . the Lancashire lad who sang devoutly of "David Crockett, king of the wild frontyah" . . . the tour member who busily knitted a sweater with the German instructions on one knee, a German-English dictionary on the other. Mixing fun with the arts is easy for John K. He believes the arts *are* fun, and he is dedicated to sharing that fun with his readers.

Like so many of the men and women who staff these newspapers, John K. Sherman brings to his craft human warmth and amiability, vigor of thought and felicitous writing skills; qualities which have earned for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune the respect and high regard of the largest newspaper audience in the 223 counties of the great Upper Midwest.

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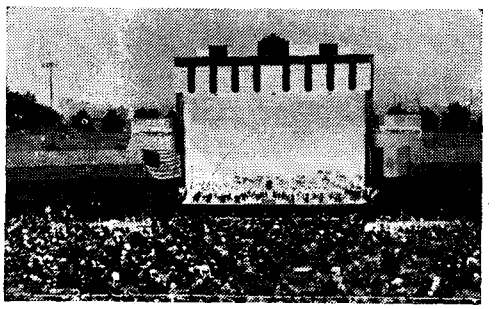
The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 3, 1956

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MASS CULTURE?



—Acme.

Concert at Lewisohn Stadium.

Whatever the quality of music produced, there's no question that modern American culture gives out more sound per citizen than any society in history: eighteenth-century scores never heard by Brahms or Wagner; medieval love-letters never read by Sainte-Beuve or Mencken; Indian and Javan painting never dreamed of by Emerson or Gertrude Stein. This week David Manning White of the Boston University School of Journalism contends that this explosion of creative enterprise cannot fail to enrich the lives of every one of us.

By DAVID MANNING WHITE

IT WAS raining hard in Boston the evening of June 11, 1955. Maybe the 15,000 people who had crowded into Boston's Public Garden that evening hoped the downpour would stop, but they were willing to risk the soaking to watch Martha Graham and her company dance to music by Aaron Copland and Samuel Barber. Drenched they were for the entire two hours of Miss Graham's performance, but only a fraction of them left. Although the ballet was forced into an unanticipated intermission by a particularly strong outburst, the patience and attention of the huge audience moved Miss Graham into continuing.

More than 750,000 Bostonians and visitors to the city from a wide area partook of the rich variety of this year's Boston Arts Festival. Is this audience composed merely of the cognoscenti of *haute culture*, the minority who sustain the art galleries, theatre, and ballet? Not by any means, obviously. And Boston's successful experiment in demonstrating that there need not be any contradiction between quality and a mass audience is being copied by several major cities throughout the country. It is only one sign among many that something important and fine is happening in the artistic life of our country.

Nevertheless, there is such a voluble hue and cry about the abysmal state of culture in the United States by well-meaning, sincere critics that I would like to present some evidence to the contrary. One is tempted to remind these critics that no country has ever achieved the complete integration of *haute culture* into the warp and woof of its everyday life. In the wishful memories of those who moon over the passed glories of Shakespeare's England it is seldom called to mind that bear-baiting was far more popular than any of Master Shakespeare's offerings. Who cares to remember that the same Rome that found a Juvenal proclaiming *mens sana in corpore sano* could also watch an Emperor Trajan celebrate his victory over Decebalus of Dacia in 106 A.D. with no fewer than 5,000 pairs of gladiators matched to the death? And this in the name of amusement!

My purpose, however, is not to argue with my friends who refuse to allow a television set in their homes for fear they may be contaminated. With no equivocation I'll state my thesis: The mass media hold out the promise to the "average" man that a cultural richness no previous age could give him is at hand.

Item: On March 11, 1956, the National Broadcasting Company invested

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$500,000 to present a three-hour long première of Sir Laurence Olivier's "Richard III." This production, which movie critics have extolled in highest terms, was viewed by the largest daytime audience in television's history. Trendex surveys indicated that more than 50 million people watched some part of what is surely not one of Shakespeare's better-known plays. Conservative estimates place the number of viewers who stayed with the intrigues of the last of the Plantagenets throughout the three plot-laden hours at 20 to 25 million. The reassuring success of the venture will probably encourage the network to offer more entertainment of this caliber. The excitement generated by its television debut may result in the film being attended by more than the 20 million Americans who saw Olivier's "Henry V" and "Hamlet."

Television is capable of contributing its share to the best in our popular arts, as seen clearly in the Academy Award-winning movie "Marty," originally a television play. That its author, Paddy Chayevsky, should go from television to the legitimate theatre of New York, where his successful drama was staged by Joshua Logan, is but another example of the mobility of an artist who has something worthwhile to say.

To be sure, there is a great deal that is mediocre, repetitious, and patronizing in television, the movies, or any of our popular arts. Yet if we close our eyes to the significant contributions of the mass media, do we not encourage the very banality we purport to despise? For example, it is not difficult to look down our noses at the phenomenally successful *Life*, with its emphasis on photo-journalism. But not to take heed when *Life* presents a superb series, such as "The World We Live In," or when it gives its several million readers the initial publication of Hemingway's "Old Man and The Sea," is to invite the mass media to lose respect for the good things they themselves try to do.

To lionize Tennessee Williams when "The Rose Tattoo" is available to the relatively few who attend its stage presentations but ignore it when he writes the same story into a movie of rich comic force is to invite the cinema industry to cater to the lowest elements within itself rather than the best.

Does television narcotize the American public to the point where books are becoming cultural dodoes?

In 1955 youngsters set a record for borrowing books from public libraries, and much of this is due to their desire to delve more and more into literature dealing with exploration, general science, space travel, and life in other countries. Professor Robert Goldenson of Hunter College adds "the youngsters are often far ahead of many producers who think all that children want is blood and thunder." As a matter of fact, if every program of violence were taken off the air tomorrow, I doubt that there would be enough protest to give an agency man a heartburn.

Certain critics of mass culture fear the influence of the majority taste on television offerings, since they believe the people will invariably choose the mediocre and the meretricious. If television (or the other media) provided only a diet of the tried and true stereotyped programs, that is, allowed the majority taste to mandate *every* choice, then I would agree with those who fear for the future. But the variety and quality of what is available to *national* audiences show this is not the case.

Take for example the offerings of the television networks on Sunday, March 18, 1956, a Sunday which I chose at random. The televiewer would have been able to see on this day a discussion of the times and works of Toulouse-Lautrec by noted critics; an inspiring interview with Dr. Paul Tillich, the noted theologian; a sensitive adaptation of Walter van Tilburg Clark's "Hook," a story of a hawk's life; a powerful documentary on mental illness with Orson Welles and Dr. William Menninger; an interview with the Secretary of Health, Welfare, and Education; an interview with the Governor of Minnesota on the eve of the primary elections in his state; an hour-and-a-half performance of "Taming of the Shrew" in color with Maurice Evans and Lilli Palmer.

While the above may not be of the same cultural status as the works of Kant or the music of Bartok, it's a pretty substantial diet, certainly not pap. Very well, the skeptic might say, so there are cultural programs available on Sunday. How do you know that people look at them? This can be answered in two ways: (1) Most of these programs are in a series, some sponsored and others maintained year after year by the networks. If they were not being watched they would have been replaced. (2) This is not a fair question. Nobody can force anyone to watch anything that does not interest him except in a totalitarian state in which one watches or else! The important thing is that the networks *offer* these programs for those who do wish to watch. It is not the network's or anyone else's duty to create the publics who will watch these programs.

To be sure, the editing and abridgment of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" to the hour-and-a-half period might be considered a watered version of the sacred text by some. But Shakespeare himself was a player who had as good an eye on the house as on posterity. The skilful elimination of some of the tedious subplots by Mr. Evans (surely one of the great modern interpreters of Shakespeare) not only increased the pace of the play but made it more understandable.

There are dedicated groups of people in this country who instead of damning the media blanketly do something about improving what they dislike. Typical of such groups is the National Citizens' Committee for Educational Television, who have done more than cry about the low level of American culture. It is significant to note that by the end of 1956 there will be twenty-six educational television stations on the air. The eighteen stations now in operation are programming 340 hours weekly to a potential audience of 40 million. The new stations will bring an additional 7 million viewers within the TV orbit. According to a recent survey by the National Citizens' Committee for Educational TV, 57 per cent of the programs were live and locally produced, the remainder were kinescopes and film.

An outstanding example of an educational television station in operation is WQED in Pittsburgh, which is on the air sixty-seven and a half hours a week. Recently one of its programs, the "Children's Corner," was signed for a three-year National Broadcasting contract. The commercial networks are watching the efforts of their educational confreres with more and more interest. It was also from WQED that Dr. Benjamin Spock, the well-known children's specialist, went to a network show on the National Broadcasting Company. As educational television networks develop throughout the states there will be few communities in America where the audiences do not have their *choice* any evening between Berle or Bach, Godfrey or Goya, "The $64,000 Question" or a discussion of Thucydides's historical method.

But to get back to books. As Clifton Fadiman pointed out recently, we are in the midst of a reprint revolution that may be the greatest boon since Gutenberg. This revolution, which started in 1939 when Pocket Books experimented with 25-cent reprints, saw 300 million paperbound books printed last year! Since 1939

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we've consumed about 2 billion copies.

The encouraging aspect of the paperbound books is that the quality of the titles is constantly improving. Whereas a few years ago the first association that came to one's mind was Mickey Spillane, today one thinks of the very successful Anchor books published by Doubleday, Harcourt Brace's Harvest books, Knopf's Vintage books, the Beacon Press paperbacks, Penguin books, to mention only a few. There appears to be a very substantial public for these modestly priced reprints of works by De Tocqueville, Ernest Cassirer, Stendhal. Take, for example, Saul Bellow's novel "Augie March." Although it won the National Book Award in 1954, its trade edition sold only a moderate number of copies. In its paperbound edition Bellow's novel has sold more than a million copies.

One further area which should give us reason for optimism is serious music. In the special fiftieth anniversary edition of *Variety,* which might appear to some as a most unlikely publication to present facts and figures about "longhair" art, Arthur Bronson has compiled some extremely significant data. In the fifty-year period covered by *Variety*'s life, serious musical expression has made extraordinary progress. Where in 1905 opera was the province of the few, today the listening audience of the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday afternoon broadcast alone is 15 million. To contrast with the half-dozen major symphony orchestras of a half-century ago, today we have thirty-two major American symphonies. Ballet, which virtually was unknown in this country fifty years ago, now has three major American companies.

BUT what about the small cities? True, there may be four radio stations in Boston that broadcast a combined thirty to thirty-five hours *daily* of the finest classical music, but what about the hinterland? The answer to that is partly to be found in the fact that in 1940 there were 1,000 towns in this country offering concert series. Today there are some 2,500. As the sale of recordings of serious music by our symphony orchestras and noted artists has continued to grow, almost in direct correlation we have seen a growth in concert series.

Since 1920 more than 20 million recordings of Arturo Toscanini alone have been sold, nor is it without significance that since 1903, when the first recordings were made of Mozart's work, more than 60 million records of his music have been sold.

Where 1916 saw the renowned Diaghilev ballet with Nijinsky come to America and cost its backers about $400,000, by 1954 the Sadler's Wells company of London arrived here and in twenty weeks of a national tour earned more than $2,500,000. More noteworthy, perhaps, is that the National Broadcasting Company on December 12, 1955, presented the Sadler's Wells ballet with Margot Fonteyn in an hour-and-a-half performance of Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty." With the kind of courage that puts the lie to the adage that the giants of the mass media are afraid to buck the stereotype of the "thirteen-year-old mind," Producers' Showcase matched Fonteyn and company against CBS's Burns and Allen, Arthur Godfrey, and *I Love Lucy* on the intensely competitive Monday night hours.

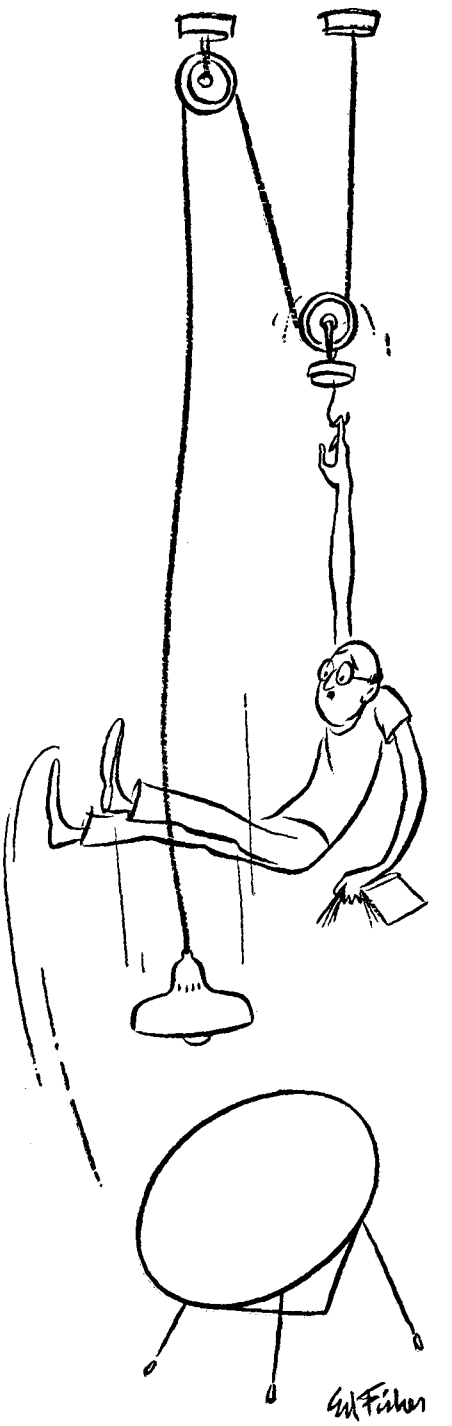
Millions of Americans were introduced to ballet for the first time that evening, but to me the significant factor is that they were provided with the opportunity to choose between Godfrey and the Sadler's Wells. If, as was the case, Godfrey's Talent Scouts program retained a higher audience rating, this is no cause to despair and decry the low tastes of the American people. Rather, such programs as "Richard III," the Sadler's Wells ballet, "Omnibus," and scores more give me confidence that the media, as they, too, grow in stature and understanding, will offer more and more substantial fare.

Perhaps it is an invidious comparison to point out that in 1955 about 35 million people paid to attend classical music events as against the 15 million who attended baseball games. But it is no *non sequitur* to note that the 1955 attendance at serious music events was about double that of 1940.

That the performance of symphonic music is not restricted to larger cities may be seen when in the last dozen years orchestras have sprung up in such places as Phoenix, Ariz.; San Jose, Calif.; Great Falls, Mont.; and even the atomic town of Oak Ridge, Tenn. The 200 symphony orchestras in this country (80 per cent more than fifteen years ago and ten times as many as in the early 1920s) indicate a musical awareness such as we have never known.

Surely no one will claim that all (if any) of our small-town symphonies have the musicianship of a Boston, Philadelphia, or St. Louis orchestra, but the members of these groups are donating their musical services free for the most part. In the city of Peoria, Ill., for example, where I once lived, it was stimulating to be part of an orchestra where one colleague in the string section was a prominent attorney, another a chemistry professor, and perhaps a third the owner of a small but profitable dry-goods store. The strains of the Franck D minor were meaningful to each of the citizen-musicians.

Mass culture in America. If I have presented a hopeful picture of our future as we go into the era of extended leisure that Americans will share in the next decade or two, it is because I see substantial amelioration in the uses of our mass media. There has been such a rehearsal of all that is ugly and bathetic in our popular arts by critics whose sincerity cannot be questioned that it is time that the other side of the coin be examined.



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NOT WHO, BUT WHY?

—Wide World.

By ELMO ROPER

I HAVE said repeatedly since 1940 that the chief function of public opinion polls, in an election year, is *not* to predict the winner. I still believe that. Moreover, I think election polling may be doing some harm which partially offsets the good they do. For example, I think Thomas E. Dewey was partially a victim of public-opinion polls in 1948. Assured by the polls, including ours, that he was a sure winner, his campaign during the last month was a relaxed and easy one. Some even felt it was so relaxed it didn't come to grips with the fundamental issues which were then bothering people. On the other side of the coin, the potential Dewey voters, assured by the polls their man was as good as elected, also relaxed—to the point where unknown millions of them didn't go to the polls. Result: a Truman election. It is not my purpose here to argue whether Truman's election was a good or bad thing for the country. It is my purpose to point out that one thing the polls were popularly supposed to be trying to measure—the election—was influenced by the measuring stick itself.

Moreover, I sometimes wonder if the political party—national or state—which is shown by the polls to be facing a particularly tough year can persuade their very best candidates to risk what looks like certain defeat by making the race.

But, good or bad, we have the polls with us and are likely to have for some time. One might fairly ask, if I think polls have unfortunate social possibilities, why does my organization do them? The answer is simple: I think the good they do outweighs the bad and I'm hopeful that ways will be found to still further minimize the potential harm. Nineteen hundred and forty-eight helped in this respect—political polls lost their aura of infallibility while at the same time not seriously reflecting on the ability of their blood brother, marketing research, to predict human feelings and intentions about commodities.

What are the good things election polls do? Briefly, they gather a little additional evidence on *why* man behaves as he does. They gather a few more facts on man's behavior which are being added to the facts being gathered by anthropologists, sociologists, economists, political scientists, psychologists, and others—and all the facts may add up someday to an answer as to why, at times, man prefers bread to freedom, or domestic prosperity to international well being, or Eisenhower to Stevenson.

Let's illustrate this by some facts we have learned this year from our election polling.

Fifty-two per cent report that they have often gone to the polls with the intention of splitting their ticket—voting for a Republican for this office and a Democrat for that office. We know there is more of this ticket splitting in the Middle West than elsewhere (66 per cent against 35 per cent in the South, for example). But we know, too, that 11 per cent report that the very last time they wanted to, and firmly intended to split their ticket, they did not—mostly because they were not sure how to do it without running the risk of invalidating their entire ballot. We know, too, that this is not a phenomenon of people of lower education. Eight per cent of the people with less than a high-school education reported that the last time they wanted to split their ticket they did not but 12 per cent of the people with some college education reported precisely the same thing!

We know too that our national leaders have done such a good job of glorifying the one who votes that very few people willingly admit they don't vote—even though the most who ever voted in a national election was 1952's 63 per cent. But we know that there are indirect ways of making a pretty good estimate of who will actually vote and who probably won't—despite what they say. This year we have approached the all-important problem of turnout in a variety of ways: how *sure* is the person that he will vote?; what's his past voting record?; is he registered to vote or has he lived in the district long enough to be entitled to vote?; how excited has he become about this particular election?; how *important* does he think it is that his candidate win over the other one?; how much difference does he think there is between the merits of the candidates? the two parties?

When all the answers to these questions are in it is perfectly clear to the analyst that fewer people actually will vote than say they will. But just which questions will yield the truest measure of actual voting behavior is the $64,000 question—and that's where human judgments must decide until we have built up a greater body of reliable data. It's not just a matter of *how many* will vote, but which candidate or which party will get out supporters in the greatest ratio.

As things look, as this is being written, it seems unlikely that the November 5 vote will exceed 1952's record of 63 per cent by very much, if any. It could well go lower. Of course, something may happen in the last two weeks of October or even the first week in November to step up interest, but, if we have measured today's probable turnout correctly the student of politics will have no trouble at all in pointing to *what* caused the upturn—and something new will have been added to the sum total of human knowledge about why man behaves as he does.

WHAT else have we learned about probable turnout? That, as of early October, a relatively larger percentage of Eisenhower supporters gave every indication of voting than of Stevenson supporters. More of them think there is a *great* difference in favor of their candidate; fewer think "both are good men and it doesn't make too much difference to the country which one wins." More of them think Eisenhower will bring peace; that he knows best how to handle foreign affairs; keep corruption out of government.

Perhaps the most important thing is that more people have *confidence* in Eisenhower the man than in Stevenson the man. When asked to choose from a list of phrases, the ones they thought were particularly appropriate for each man, 44 per cent selected "have confidence in" for Eisenhower as against 19 per cent for Stevenson.

So, when we apply *our best judgment* as to what would have happened if the election had been held in early October instead of early November we come up with these figures: 52 per cent of the people we judge as likely to vote said they preferred Eisenhower; 43 per cent preferred

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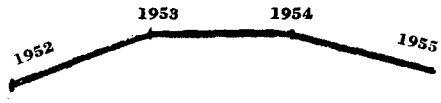
Stevenson and the balance, 5 per cent, were undecided. Moreover, the Eisenhower lead was even greater than this in the very populous Northeastern part of the country.

All of this is not to say that the situation is hopeless for Stevenson. We have learned other facts, too. More people think Stevenson would have the interest of the common man at heart. How much difference in voting this will make when the "common man" is doing very well indeed remains to be seen. More people think Stevenson would see to it that farmers get an even break. That could spell an upset in the normally Republican Midwest. More people say they intend to vote for Democratic Governors and Senators and Congressmen than Republican. But we know that roughly 11 per cent of those who intend to split their tickets won't do so. Does that mean that in Illinois Eisenhower will carry Dirksen through, or will Dirksen cut Ike down —or will there be some of both?

In any event the two facts we have learned are helpful to future analysts of the political scene: People, as of mid-October, wanted a Republican President, a Democratic governor, and a Democratic Congress. But since a good many potential ticket-splitters will end up voting a straight ticket, somebody will get some votes he didn't deserve!

What else have we learned this year? That the contest is between Eisenhower and the Democratic Party. When we asked people *why* they chose whichever candidate they chose very few Eisenhower supporters gave as their reason that he represented the Republican Party. In fact, 62 per cent of the Republicans we interviewed said they would be voting primarily for the man, while only 42 per cent of the Democrats said that the man, rather than the party, would have the greatest influence on their decision in November. The facts developed by our research are clear; in a personal popularity contest with Stevenson Eisenhower would win. In a "confidence in party" contest with the Democrats the Republicans would lose. Moreover, it is clear that, with a majority of voters it is neither one; it is a much-liked Eisenhower vs. a well-respected Democratic Party led by a perfectly acceptable representative of that party.

There is every evidence that the popularity curve of Eisenhower runs something like this—



In other words, he has lost strength from his 1953-54 high. In many groups he has lost strength even from his 1952 vote. Here is a tabulation that is significant:

	Per cent of decided vote favoring Republicans in: Sept. 1956 %	Oct. 1952 %
REPUBLICANS NOW STRONGER THAN DEMOCRATS—		
And Republicans have gained:		
In the Northeast	62	58
And show no significant change:		
Among people fifty years and older	60	61
In towns and cities 2,500 to 1 million	53	54
And Republicans have lost:		
Among the prosperous	64	75
Among the white collar workers	60	65
Among the small businessmen	58	63
In the Midwest	57	63
Among women	56	58
Among middle income group	55	57
Among farmers' wives	53	59
In towns under 2,500 population	53	58
Among men	52	55
	Per cent of decided vote favoring Democrats in: Sept. 1956 %	Oct. 1952 %
DEMOCRATS NOW STRONGER THAN REPUBLICANS—		
And Democrats have gained:		
Among farmers	55	36
Among Catholics	52	48
And show no significant change:		
Among union members	62	62
Among low income voters	55	56
In the South	54	55
And Democrats have lost:		
Among the Jews	67	76
Among the Negroes	56	72
In cities of over 1 million population	52	55

Some of these figures need comment. The largest electoral vote blocs are in the Northeast and few candidates win without some large part of the Northeast. The strong Republican hold on the Midwest which began after Roosevelt's second term is now far less strong. While the Democrats are no stronger in the South than they were in 1952, the lack of organized and respectable leadership against the Democratic candidate may make the final vote different.

What else have we learned? That "group voting" as usually understood is rare or non-existent. For example, most political commentators have reported that "union labor will probably go Democratic." What does that mean? According to our polls that means a little more than one out of every three union members will vote Republican. What about the "Catholic vote"? Either candidate will be lucky if he gets more than eleven out of every twenty Catholic voters. What about the "rich man's vote"? For every two rich men who vote for Eisenhower there will be one who votes for Stevenson. In short, if either candidate shows what political commentators will call "overwhelming strength" among any group, he will get only two out of every three voters in that group—and there will be very few groups where the division isn't much closer than that.

Before Election Day we'll publish our final figures on candidate preference, including the per cent who were undecided at the time of final interviewing. We will show what our best judgment indicates to be the probable turnout. If anyone wants to use those as a basis for estimating the election results he will be using what is, in my opinion, the best tool developed thus far. It is not yet a perfect tool.

If our final figures, showing candidate preference as late as a week before election, are closely approximated on Election Day we may be heroes to some newspaper editors. If not we'll be Bums—despite the fact that these editors are warned that a sick or very tired-looking Eisenhower on TV Sunday night could switch 5,000,000 votes and despite the fact that we told them that, at the present time, only human judgments can be applied against the real problem—how *many* will vote and which side will get out the biggest per cent of its potential.

Fortunately, the students of human behavior are kinder. The data on man's behavior is so meager they are grateful for the little bit extra the election polls provide. Maybe that's reward enough.

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SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD"

Author: Nicholas Monsarrat

By JOSEPH HITREC

AT FIRST sight it may seem like a far cry from "The Cruel Sea" to "The Tribe That Lost Its Head" (Sloane, $4.95)—between the accessible and familiar theme of individual courage under the stress of war in the earlier novel, and the probing of deep and hazardous bush of tropical colonialism that is the subject of Nicholas Monsarrat's latest work of fiction. But the faithful can relax at once. This is still the cool skipper of "The Cruel Sea" proceeding full steam ahead, in spell-binding command of a yarn that is fast, solid, and generates the excitement of a tropic hurricane.

Mr. Monsarrat's gift for reducing a distant scene to something cozily near at hand is turned to vivid account in his imaginary protectorate of Pharamaul, a large "pear shaped" island off the west coast of Africa. Pharamaul is administered by England's "Scheduled Territories Office" and is the home of the Maula tribe, a dark-colored people only lately risen from primitive savagery. Not a little of the author's skill is devoted to making Pharamaul a cameo of the historic function of colonialism, which is to say a native territory with one foot still in the bush and the other in the twentieth century, where the precarious balance is being watched over by a paternal and just white government personified in a handful of devoted, sometimes unimaginative but always well-meaning civil servants. The balance, Mr. Monsarrat suggests, is so fragile that anyone inclined to upset it ought to pause and think hard first.

When young Dinamaula, schooled in England at the expense of the British taxpayer, returns to Pharamaul to be installed as the hereditary chief of the Maulas, the sun-boiled peace of the island is cracked for the first time in a generation. The young chief talks unguardedly to a visiting reporter and the interview is sensationally misquoted in the London press. Questions are asked in Parliament and the anti-British element the world over gloats intolerably. But the real danger begins when the backwash of publicity hits Pharamaul itself and stirs the Maulas to unrest and violence. The outnumbered civil servants toil to arrest the upheaval, but their actions follow the inevitable pattern of "too little, too late." Their specialized logic dictates that young Dinamaula be whisked away before the trouble can crystallize around him. Yet the balance has already been destroyed and the island erupts in an orgy of savagery, a St. Bartholomew Night of blood, rape, and cannibalistic horror that calls up the memory of Mau-Mau and is without parallel in recent fiction.

THIS is a frugal outline, of course—Mr. Monsarrat does incomparably better in 200,000 words. The episodic development of the story is smooth, deftly modulated, and expert throughout. While weaving together the lives and emotions of a score of people, and sometimes indulging in a swatch of local patterns and color, it never forgets its purpose of easing the reader toward the final, climactic situation. Its characters come in all colors and ages, but the author sees to it that they pose no identification problem. Mr. Monsarrat's sympathy with the colonial problems of this age is resolved in a plea for more understanding and patience, and this is tempered with a strong admiration for the luckless few who have to live with them and cope with them. He suggested that the civil servants are working against long and difficult odds and they should at least be entitled to the benefit of doubt in any judgment of their competence and achievement. "No theory, good or bad, would wave a wand and conjure up sufficient gold to keep each Maula man, woman, and child in affluence forever; no wizard would grant them parliamentary franchise and a seat at U.N. The gold might be stumbled upon, a hundred years from now, by a man looking for something else; Pharamaul might conceivably be heard in the councils of the world, on some federal basis, in A.D. 2200. Such was the pace of Africa, and in the meantime, there was a garden to be cultivated, with the tools that were to hand."

THE AUTHOR: With a half-finished novel, a portable typewriter, and slim savings, Nicholas John Turney Monsarrat a quarter of a century ago turned his back on the law books and wills waiting to be drawn up in his uncle's Nottingham law office and disappeared into a London slum in pursuit of a romantic idea. Until the outbreak of World War II he lived in the lonely world of the creative artist—years he characterized as "hard, hungry, and shabby. They were also productive and supremely happy," especially since he got four novels off his chest—novels that dealt with love, a subject about which he admitted knowing nothing—and a play, "The Visitors," that starred Greer Garson but folded quickly and quietly. During five distinguished years with the Royal Navy, Monsarrat rose to lieutenant commander in charge of ships on convoy escort duty in the U-boat-infested Atlantic, and had enough energy left over to write several factual books about naval operations. Out of the service and back to his journalist war-bride Philippa Crosby and the '31 portable, he wrote his first attention-getting novel "Leave Cancelled," a realistic account of the brief honeymoon of a British officer and his bride that caused one squirming American reviewer to say, "I felt damned embarrassed." The title of his next volume, "Depends on What You Mean by Love," was aimed squarely at moralizing critics and included in addition to his "Leave Cancelled" two stories about Londoners' love for their city and sailors' love for their ships. Needing to put distance between himself and the sea before he could work on his novel "The Cruel Sea," which firmly established his reputation, Monsarrat found both distance and perspective in South Africa's Johannesburg. There he became director of the United Kingdom's Information Office. As a sensitive novelist, Monsarrat was deeply impressed by the Dark Continent, its people, and seething emotions; but again he needed perspective which he found with his wife and son in Ottawa, Canada, before he could revisit Africa through his latest novel. Monsarrat now is in New York to attend its American publication and to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the romantic notions that first led him to writing.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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Dry Wine

"The City of the Living," by Wallace Stegner *(Houghton Mifflin. 206 pp. $3), is a collection of eight stories by a widely honored writer.*

By Hollis Alpert

THE short stories of Wallace Stegner are certainly accomplished, something that can be ascertained by looking into "The City of the Living," a collection of seven short stories and one fairly long one. They artfully hold together scene, mood, character, a point, and usually some sort of symbolism that either stresses a point further, or—at its best—adds another level of meaning.

Mr. Stegner's subjects are most varied. There is the son in "The Blue-Winged Teal" who finds that he can find something in common with a despised failure of a father. There is the retired literary agent of the East in "Field Guide to the Western Birds" who meets up with the pseudo-culture of the West, and finds it not only wanting but puzzling. Mr. Stegner is sharp and gimlet-eyed as he observes the outdoor pool of a palatial West Coast home, lighted underwater; the barbecue grill with eighteen different electric motors; the fence with a Mondrian-like design. And, in "Pop Goes the Alley-Cat," there is a disheartenningly exact portrait of a Negro delinquent, complete with insolence and jive talk.

Mr. Stegner's stories have been honored. They have been anthologized and have won prizes. He is considered one of the best of American short story writers. But very good as he is, I now and then found him wanting. In what? He knows his craft thoroughly. He writes with sensitivity and clarity. He recognizes the story moment and catches it. He is brilliant, on occasion, as he sketches in a character: for instance, the homely, arrogant daughter of the sensitive parents in "Impasse." Nevertheless, there appears to be a missing element in these stories. Somehow, the emotions are not engaged to any large extent. One finds the subject illuminated to a degree at the end of each, but it is a rather cold sort of insight and, if not exactly artificial, a little too forced and calculated. One has the sense that Mr. Stegner knows exactly what should be done, he knows how to do it, he does it, and still something escapes. They do not live as much as they should to be fully successful.

It may well be that a good deal of American short story writing, and

Wallace Stegner—". . . cold insight."

some of the best practitioners of the form, have taken a direction that seems very sincere, honest, and worth-while, but one that doesn't necessarily result in fascinating stories. It might be that emphasis on "illumination" as the goal for a successful story.

I hope not to seem crass, but I find myself wishing that more emphasis were placed on drama, predicament, on such an old-fashioned virtue as suspense. It is right to look suspiciously on the term "plot," for it is too difficult to define it satisfactorily, but I kept feeling that in some of Mr. Stegner's stories there was not enough story. All the artful detail, the delicate symbolisms, and the poetic quality of the mood (as in "The City of the Living") did not make up enough for the lack of sheer story revelations. Mr. Stegner has wonderful gifts, and why shouldn't they be applied to more rousing stories? The story is a narrative, after all, and the stories that we remember most are the ones that grab us, hold us, and won't let us go. A fine dry wine makes an excellent addition to the meal, but it should never be mistaken for the meal itself.

Martha Foley—". . . conscientious editor."

Competence

"The Best American Short Stories 1956," edited by Martha Foley *(Houghton Mifflin. 384 pp. $4), is the fifteenth volume in an annual series drawn from magazines.*

By William Peden

AS EDITOR of an annual collection of the "best" American short fiction, Martha Foley's problem is not unlike that of a distinguished Senator who was asked a few months ago to name on a national telecast his own personal preference for a Presidential nominee. He hesitated, then replied "Now, Mr. ————, you wouldn't want me to make one friend and at least two enemies, would you?"

Miss Foley is a conscientious editor, and her anthologies are indispensable. But to select a few stories from a year's output is a formidable task; inevitably her collections tend to evoke considerable controversy. "Best American Short Stories 1956," the fifteenth volume Miss Foley has edited, is no exception; among other things, it fails to reflect adequately the achievement of some American short story writers who practise their craft more than a stone's throw from the Hudson River. For years, it seems to me, Miss Foley has evinced a particular fondness for stories depicting various aspects of "big city" life. It is characteristic that approximately a third of her current selections fall into this category, and almost half of her authors are from metropolitan New York City or its not-too-distant environs.

Apart from this bias, however, Miss Foley's selections are sufficiently varied to satisfy most of the Monday-morning quarterbacks. My own favorite—I hesitate to proclaim it the *best* of Miss Foley's twenty-one selections, although a good case could be made for it—is Flannery O'Connor's "The Artificial Nigger." Miss O'Connor's talent is a rare one. Highly individualistic without being freakish, she has a distinguished mind and a warm heart; she possesses both a keen eye and a sharp ear and her quick, flexible prose is a very potent weapon indeed. Her story of a Georgia country boy and his grandfather and their frantic day in the city is authentic and definitive—after Miss O'Connor takes the reader there he's really *been* there.

Also highly impressive are two stories as far apart as the poles in concept and method. Roger Angell's "In an Early Winter" is a chilling account of a timorous newly-married

(*Continued on page* 35)

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War: Its Past and Our Future

"Arms and Men," by Walter Millis (Putnam. 382 pp. $5.75), a survey of American military policy and history, is reviewed here by Gordon Harrison, military critic of The Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

IF, AS most people concede, war has become too horrible to contemplate, the world stands at once on the brink of chaos and at the dawn of universal peace. To end the millennial scourge of mankind one has now only to recognize the obvious and refrain from doing what no sane man could possibly wish to do. Peace being a necessity, let us have it. Why not?

The question of war or peace has been repeatedly argued biologically (Is it more "natural" for men to fight or want peace?), historically (Do wars pay?), and morally (Is it more wicked to kill or to suffer evil?). The arguments have been not only inconclusive but irrelevant. The key question, which Walter Millis brings sharply into focus in his brilliant survey of American military history, "Arms and Men," is a much more practical and difficult one: if we abolish war, what is to take its place?

War, says Mr. Millis who has spent a lifetime thinking about it, is a social institution which has endured because it has been socially useful—indeed, hitherto, indispensable—to the orderly management of human affairs. It has been the ultimate sanction for law, decency, morality, and all the civilized values we live by. Diplomacy by which nations have tried to adjust their differences has been possible only because of the implied threat that what was not settled by debate would be arbitrated by force. Today we have reached the point where the ultimate sanction not only can't be used it can't even be appealed to since no sane man will believe that his opponent might try to iron out the difference between them by immolating mankind.

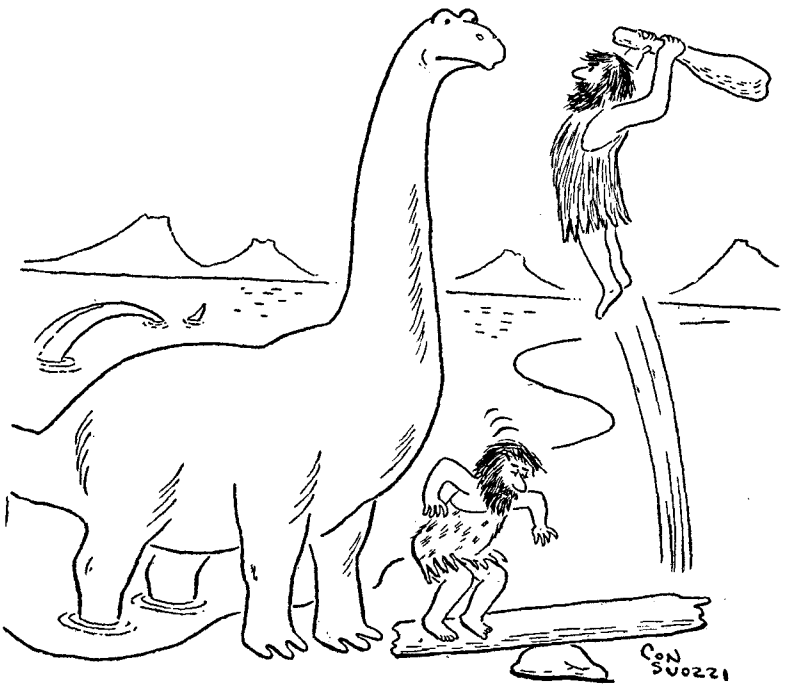
We did not arrive suddenly at this point in the blinding flash of light that illuminated Alamogordo, N. M., one day in 1945. Long before the A-bomb the philosophy and techniques of war had been pushing it firmly toward extinction as a practicable instrument of policy. As Mr. Millis views the story democracy provided the first turn of the screw. The American Revolution, he observes, did not prove either the stupidity of King George's men or the superiority of the colonial frontiersman over the British redcoat. It demonstrated that the eighteenth-century military institutions shaped to fight the King's wars against other kings were helpless to subdue a nation.

The small professional and relatively immobile armies were designed to make trials of strength with other small professional armies in one decisive battle or at most a handful of engagements in a single campaign. The loser, having been proved the weaker, was expected to surrender like a sensible fellow and the political issue, whatever it was, was thereby resolved. But in America the British troops could bring on no decisive battles. The patriot army, beaten on one field, slipped away to fight again. Victory in pitched battle meant nothing because the object was subjugation of the people and the people simply refused to abide by the decision at arms. Here, in short, was the beginning of the democratization of war which would finally turn it from a kind of chivalric ordeal for limited ends into a mass struggle of populations for unlimited victory.

Democratic war had not long to wait for the Industrial Revolution to give it the means for mass domination. With new weapons and new mobility, moreover, came the Managerial Revolution to organize the peoples' armies to the more efficient accomplishment of their frightful tasks—a revolution beginning about the middle of the nineteenth century and culminating in the great general staffs that sent millions to their deaths in orderly fashion in the First World War. It then remained only for the mechanization of war and the scientific revolution to remove the last technical obstacles to making war universal and totally destructive—and so, at last, useless.

How all these changes came about and how they affected our military establishment and our thinking is the chief matter of Mr. Millis's acutely conceived and beautifully written book. He modestly minimizes his achievement by calling it a preliminary drawing together of the research of others. In fact, though relatively short for its scope, "Arms and Men" is one of those rare creative works of interpretation and synthesis.

Ending with a brief discussion of the future of war, Mr. Millis avoids prophecy but applies the lessons of history in the only way they can be legitimately applied: to ask searching questions about current policy. The politician who has spoken glowingly of the prospects of peace and the citizen who has persuaded himself that we have found security in the super arms-race ought to read this chapter, if no other. Neither will thereafter sleep easier, but both may be more wisely aware of the awful dilemma of our time and perhaps, therefore, a little better able to meet it.



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℞ for the Farmer

"Farmers at the Crossroads," as told by Ezra Taft Benson to Carlisle Bargeron *(Devin-Adair. 107 pp. $2.50), sets forth the views of the present Secretary of Agriculture on farm problems. Russell Lord, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Agrarian Revival" and other books.*

By Russell Lord

EZRA TAFT BENSON'S "Farmers at the Crossroads" is unmistakably a campaign document, and not such a bad one. There is stuff in it for books to follow in the course of time, but I think it would be a waste of space to undertake here solemnly to review so headlong a production as a book. In a whirling biographical foreword Carlisle Bargeron, the compiler, tells of Ezra Benson's dedicated early service as a Mormon missionary, facing down brawlers and hecklers in the slums of London; of his rise from two years as a County Agent in Idaho to executive head of the largest combination of marketing cooperatives in this country, the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, representing more than two million members, with offices in Washington, in the 1930s; of the truly heavy burdens laid upon him when he took office as Secretary of Agriculture; and of his tenacity of purpose in that post: "He seeks to restore to farmers the dignity of free men; . . . [he] stands at the crossroads, seeking to turn the tide."

There must be something about a fervent approach to the farm problem, from whatever angle, which leads to a mixing of metaphors. I recall Secretary Henry A. Wallace, who also bore heavy burdens, warming up in press conference with remarks that had the Ship of State surging over the mountains to New Frontiers. Later, after his Ever-Normal Granary had been swollen, in preparation against wartime, into what his aides privately called the Never-Normal Granary, Wallace said, "the butter folks are on the hot spot."

By the time Secretary Benson took over, after another big war and a smaller one, a former administrator of the Triple-A's first thrust toward adjustment remarked, not without sympathy, "It seems that this is where I came in." When the new Secretary announced that conferences of bureau chiefs in his office would be opened with prayer, a sardonic old-line chief announced as his private selection: "Bless all food to our use, and pardon our sins, but help us get rid of all this damn butter."

There can be little quarrel, in the light of the record, with Henry Wallace's mild observation to reporters at St. Louis, set forth in a *New York Times* on September 28, last: "Fundamentally, you know, there isn't much difference between the two positions" —those of the major parties in the present campaign. Secretary Benson, too, as his words come through in this extended pamphlet, engages in campaign oratory only as he approaches his peroration. The plain fact is that the present farm program is the product, under changing pressures, of both parties; and there is little point in the pot calling the kettle black. It is indeed astonishing to one who has had to deal with New Deal Agrarian pamphlets as documents to note how this one echoes and re-echoes many of Wallace's, Howard Tolley's, and M. L. Wilson's ideas and perplexities, and even their phrases.

The major point of difference that emerges in "Farmers at the Crossroads" is equally interesting, and most significant. The tenets here set forth express at once a curious continuity of phrases and policies launched in the new-agrarian tempest of the first New Deal and a yearning backward to the days and methods of the previous farm-relief apparatus, the Federal Farm Board. Here, surely, are conflicts in policy that compel respectful heed; and Ezra Taft Benson deserves both respect and sympathy, for he is unquestionably a man of stubborn courage, deep-set religious principles, and an administrator of no mean ability of the mercantile approach to agricultural problems.

It is to be noted, however, that the Farm Board of the Hoover Administration went so far as to withhold loans to cooperators who would not agree to stop applying fertilizer to their land (an indirect and shocking attempt at yield restriction); that the Board wound up its sad duties early in 1933 with a loss in operations of $360 million; and that its chairman in a final report to Congress stated: "Prices can not be kept at a fair level unless production is adjusted to meet market demands."

The Soil Bank is the present concession to that end, but, apart from the coinage of an excellent and striking phrase and some refinements (as well as some additional absurdities) in method, the Soil Bank and Soil Reserve offer nothing new. Further, as he comes to what he conceives to be the heart of the matter, it is evident that Secretary Benson has really no passionate sense of soil; that his primary passion is for salesmanship; and in this field he has done wonders. The dilemma remains, however, for to shove beef into the public stomach crowds out vegetables; and surpluses of vegetables crowd out dairy surpluses; and so on.

It is not unfair to say, I think, that on this subject the Secretary sounds more like a chain store executive than a Secretary of Agriculture—and it may be that with the trend of the times this is proper. But salesmanship in itself will not solve the farm problem—and, most particularly, the problem of the "little farmer."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TRUNCATED THIRDS

Recently this department presented a group of writers who had dropped their middle names; herewith a group of writers who dropped their first names. Kindly reassign these. Estimates verified on page 39.

1. William Beebe	( ) Adeline
2. Arnold Bennett	( ) Alfred
3. Witter Bynner	( ) Charles
4. Bliss Carman	( ) Charles
5. Norman Douglas	( ) Enoch
6. Hamlin Garland	( ) Francis
7. Bret(t) Harte	( ) George
8. Robinson Jeffers	( ) Hannibal
9. Joyce Kilmer	( ) Harold
10. Sinclair Lewis	( ) Harry
11. Vachel Lindsay	( ) John
12. Edwin Markham	( ) Newton
13. Booth Tarkington	( ) Nicholas
14. Woodrow Wilson	( ) Thomas
15. Virginia Woolf	( ) William

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El Dorado, Inc.

***"Diamond," by Emily Hahn** (Doubleday. 314 pp. $5.95), is an American woman's account of one of the world's most fabulous businesses, De Beers, owner of the Kimberley diamond mine. John Barkham, who reviews it here, began his career as a journalist in South Africa.*

By John Barkham

THERE must have been quite a flutter in the De Beers dovecotes in Kimberley at the news that an American writer was coming out to cover the Corporation, and a woman writer at that. Nothing in Emily Hahn's rather exotic background appeared to qualify her for such an assignment—one on which many experienced correspondents (including this reviewer) had broken their fingernails in vain—unless it lay in the mining degree she had improbably acquired at the University of Wisconsin.

To waste no time about it, the experiment has turned out a resounding success, and Miss Hahn has produced perhaps the most informative book on diamonds and De Beers (the terms are, of course, synonymous) ever written for popular consumption. This is an achievement not to be disparaged. De Beers and its many subsidiaries not only control most of the world's diamond business, but have effectively discouraged publicity about their operations.

Not that the whole De Beers story is here, by any means. That is still to come, but there's enough fresh material in "Diamond" to whet the appetite for more. Miss Hahn spent much time in Kimberley, looked down its "Big Hole" (as Anthony Trollope did in his day), pored over its early records, and talked with old-timers inside De Beers and out. Her account of the Diamond City's beginnings is the amplest yet to appear in this country. Some of her choicest anecdotes linger in the memory, such as that of Barney Barnato allowing his old rival Cecil Rhodes to gratify a lifelong whim and dig his fingers into a bucketful of diamonds.

Kimberley is still a big producer, although most South Africans believe that the Southwest African fields are now the real diamond El Dorado. Very little news about these remote workings has been allowed to seep out into the big world.

—*Henry Ries.*

Emily Hahn—". . . fresh material."

Legends about these fields have been whispered over the length and breadth of southern Africa for years. Miss Hahn persuaded De Beers to fly her out there, which makes her something of a journalistic pioneer. Her report is fascinating, although this reader had the feeling that, for all her wealth of detail, the complete story had yet to be told. The South African Government owns certain of these Southwest African diggings, and those doors, one gathers, were not flung open to the lady.

Through the Diamond Trading Company, its selling arm, De Beers controls the sale of almost all the gems produced anywhere in the world. It has always been generally supposed that De Beers keeps up the price of diamonds by maintaining supply just *under* demand. Not so, the company assured Miss Hahn, who passes on the information with a properly skeptical air. In recent years, they say, there has been a shortage of stones, and everything produced is offered for sale.

So, too, the charge that De Beers is a monopoly is frankly faced in the book. Diamonds, the company contends, are not a necessity like food, but a luxury, and a super-luxury at that. To throw their sale open to anyone at any price would be to destroy their value on the world market, which would hit not only De Beers but everyone possessing diamonds.

There is an illuminating chapter on Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, the man who built De Beers into the giant it is today, and his son, Harry, who shows every sign of following in his father's footsteps. Sir Ernest is one of the richest yet most unobtrusive men in the world. It is an oblique tribute to his hatred for the spotlight to say that Miss Hahn's brief portrait of him is probably the most revealing yet published.

The book, excellent as it is, leaves one asking the age-old questions: Where do all the diamonds go, since gems never wear out? Doesn't everyone who can afford it possess a diamond by now? As long as such questions remain unanswered, De Beers will prosper—provided, that is, General Electric doesn't find a way to produce their laboratory gems at bargain prices. Till then the late Solly Joel's dictum, uttered forty years ago, stands good: "Women are born every day, and while women are born, diamonds will be worn."

SMUGGLING IS A BUSINESS: One of the most valid, as well as one of the most gripping, cloak-and-dagger bits to emerge from the files of World War II is told in David E. Walker's **"Adventure in Diamonds"** (Norton, $3.50). But the cloaks, in this instance, were ordinary business suits, and the daggers were revolvers which the wearers of the business suits almost had to be told which end the bullets came out of. Their problem was elementary. Amsterdam is the diamond capital of the world (meaning here industrial diamonds, not the stuff of which tiaras are fashioned). Industrial diamonds are vital to the production of the machines that make weapons. The Germans had just invaded Holland. The diamonds must be got out. Two Dutch civilians in England and a British intelligence officer went over to Amsterdam to get them. That's all there was to it. But what a suspense job the narrative makes, with the drama heightened and tautened by the very lack of drama, by the very fact that the unfamiliar revolvers do not have to be fired! The civilian principals balloon to heroic proportions by their mere ordinariness. Either of them could have been you or the C.P.A. who lived next door. There is a magnificent heroine, too. Are you listening, Alfred Hitchcock?

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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Around the World in Picture Books

CHINESE *gymnastics* are shown in Henri Cartier-Bresson's handsome "From One China to the Other" (Universe Books, $10).

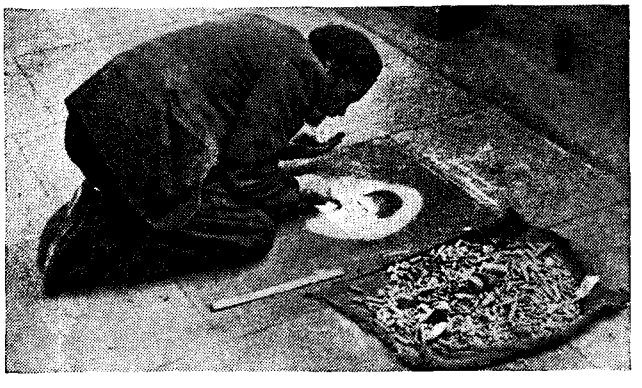
ISRAELI festive Biblical whale swallows Jonah in largely photographic "Journey to Israel," by E. Aschner and Z. Serwer (Monde, $4.75).

SOUTH AFRICAN woman shows off garb and house for Alan Paton's *sociological and sympathetic* "South Africa in Transition" (Scribner, $5).

SPANISH wooden giants of Valencia appear in Jasper More's tourist guide which is entitled "The Mediterranean" (Hastings House, $5.75).

ALGERIAN oldsters play dominoes in H. Isnard's very detailed travelogue with pictures, entitled "Algeria" (Essential Books, $7).

IN SEVILLE strollers converse in Montherlant and Aubier's impressive but impressionistic "Fiesta in Seville" (Crowell, $7.95).



LONDON pavement artist gets down to work in Martin Hürlimann's *somewhat* prosaic but nevertheless well-illustrated and well-written book entitled "London" (Crowell, $5.75).

BRITISH WEST INDIAN clowns do a comic whip dance on the beach in photographer-writer Bradley Smith's jaunty but factual guide-book, "Escape to the West Indies" (Knopf, $4.95).

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Soft Voice of Feeling

***"My Lord, What a Morning!" by Marian Anderson** (Viking. 335 pp. $5), is the autobiography of a great singer. Our reviewer, Carl Van Vechten, has written many biographies of distinguished musicians.*

By Carl Van Vechten

THE principal facts about the life and career of the author and subject of "My Lord, What a Morning!" are nearly as celebrated as those of Cinderella. Marian Anderson was born in Philadelphia of working-class parents. It was early discovered that she possessed an unusual voice, and her family, with some help from outside, was able to provide for her first tuition. Her mother was sensible and religious, aware of spiritual values. She sympathized with her daughter's ambitions and stood firmly behind her at all times. Miss Anderson's successful ascent to the throne of fame was gradual and not without hard bumps. She sang to no great effect until she won a contest which gave her the opportunity to appear at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City. Even after this important début her position in American musical life remained insecure. She went abroad to study and sing; Toscanini announced, "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years"; and she became known even in obscure corners of the globe. The rostrum of Constitution Hall in Washington was denied her by the D.A.R. Mrs. Roosevelt immediately resigned from the bigoted organization and invited Miss Anderson to sing before the King and Queen of England at the White House. She continued to grow in fame and popularity and sang in most parts of the world, including Asia and the Soviet Union. Eventually she made her début in opera at the Metropolitan Opera House as Ulrica in "Ballo in Maschera," with a brilliant cast and Mitropoulos as conductor. She is, I would say, at the present day the world's most celebrated singer.

Miss Anderson possessed a superb voice, powerful and warm if not flexible, in the beginning; but when I first heard her (at Walter White's behest, in Harlem) she was not yet fully prepared for the concert stage. Further, she sang the type of song, "Mon coeur à ta Voix," in which she has never become expert. She is well advised to prefer Schubert and the spirituals of her race, in which, on the whole, she excels, although William Warfield's German is more accurate and Lotte Lehmann has perhaps more German feeling for the *lieder*, and some, who sing the spirituals derive their inspiration more directly from the soil. No one, however, interprets any music with more nobility or intensity of feeling.

Miss Anderson has worked hard with several teachers to fulfil her ambition and, except for a period when her voice was at its prime, she has continued to study. All voices, particularly the occasionally refractory contralto voice, demand this expert attention. She devotes a great deal more space to teachers and accompanists than is usual in autobiographies by singers, who often imply that they sprang into being with their wings spread wide and their voices soaring—which is true, so far as I can recall, of but two modern sopranos, Adelina Patti and Nellie Melba. She acknowledges many times her obligation to her manager, Sol Hurok.

Miss Anderson's manner in this autobiography is modest and unassuming. Sometimes she permits the facts to speak for themselves. Occasionally she says far too little about important incidents. It is a well-written book, the prose suggesting Miss Anderson in conversation. For the most part it expresses what the lady attempts to express. There is no indication that there has been a middleman or ghost writer, but I presume she had advice in its preparation now and again.

There is a chapter on how she studies her repertory and arranges her programs; and there is a chapter on clothes, always an important feature with audiences at concerts by lady singers, but one too infrequently discussed in a book. Concert dresses are usually ageless and can be worn in any city where they have not been viewed before, but assuredly cannot be seen twice in one place, a catastrophe that any lady in the audience would discover at once. To prevent such an unpleasant accident the singer keeps a book detailing what she wore in Chicago, San Francisco, etc., on various dates. When Miss Anderson visits a hall for the first time she may discover that, as the gown she has announced to some journalist she will wear clashes with the color of the hall, she wishes to change it. Sometimes this creates ill-feeling, but it is unavoidable.

Miss Anderson, like other Negroes, has endured experiences in which white people have behaved in a shameful, shameless, and even inhuman manner. She attributes this to lack of education or the proper experience (she is tactful enough not to speak of lack of breeding). In her book Miss Anderson is not bitter about this, but she lets it be known on every page that she is proud of being a Negro.

Marian Anderson lives up to the words of God, the deep religious feelings of her mother, and her own instinctive beliefs. She regards herself first of all as an American, then as an American Negro. She is, I believe, a great singer, but more than that, a great woman.

—From the book.

Marian Anderson (center) being greeted in Moscow.

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Han Suyin—". . . compelling and exciting."

Jungle War

". . . And the Rain My Drink," by Han Suyin *(Little, Brown. 306 pp. $4), gives an account of the jungle war in Malaya as seen through the eyes of a Eurasian woman physician. Preston Schoyer, our reviewer, is author of several novels with a Far Eastern setting.*

By Preston Schoyer

IT IS not likely that ". . . And the Rain My Drink" will be as popular as "A Many-Splendored Thing," for the latter had a magic theme, a poignant love story. This latest book from the gifted pen of Han Suyin is about a tragic situation—the war in Malaya, in which British forces have long been struggling to wipe out Communist terrorists hiding in the jungle.

The new book is not a novel but a fictionalized portrait of Malaya during the Emergency, the quaint euphemism for the jungle war. It moves episodically, like a camera, catching the life of the rubber tappers, informers, policemen, civil servants, the people Inside (in the jungle), prisoners in rehabilitation camps, merchant princes, rubber kings, and all the polyglot of races that make up the Malayan States and nearby Singapore. And yet there is a story, too, or stories, which move along as the camera, swinging this way and that, picks up again the lives of peo-

(*Continued on page* 34)

THESE BOOKS HAVE MADE NEWS

It is an eloquent testimony to the character of the present literary season that the books currently most widely read and discussed have not attained these distinctions for their qualities as literature. Two cases in point and the reasons for their place in the spotlight:

A novel named "Peyton Place," by Grace Metalious (Messner, $3.95). Even before her book was published last month Grace Metalious, the plump thirty-one-year-old wife of a Gilmanton, N. H., grammar school principal, was making newspaper headlines for herself—and for her book. The reason for this notoriety: the story had gone around Gilmanton (pop. 708) that Mrs. Metalious's then-as-yet-unpublished novel would make "Tobacco Road" seem pale through its exposé of the bedroom affairs of a good portion of the town's local citizenry. Shortly thereafter author Metalious's husband's contract for another year as a Gilmanton school principal was cancelled. Heralded by such publicity, "Peyton Place" could hardly help becoming a best seller, though *SR*'s reviewer (like many others) characterized it as a series of "synthetic shocks by means of language and sexual incidents." From Paris, however, French critic Pierre Fisson paid the book the ultimate tribute of suggesting that even French eyes would be widened by some of Mrs. Metalious's "down-to-earth" descriptions. Soon Mrs. Metalious was glorying in the book's sale to Twentieth Century-Fox studio; husband George had found a new job at better pay in Stow, Mass., which lies ninety-two miles away from Gilmanton; and Mrs. Metalious, having bought herself a new house (in Gilmanton) and a Cadillac with her burgeoning royalties, was driving down to "fetch George home every weekend." Finally, after somewhat flippantly reporting that people were cutting her dead on the streets of Gilmanton, the author of "Peyton Place" settled down to writing another sexy saga of small-town life.

A historical romance named "I, Libertine," by Frederick R. Ewing (Ballantine, clothbound, $2.75; paperbound, 35¢). This novel was first conceived when a New York radio disc-jockey named Jean Shepherd told his night-time listeners that a conflict exists between people like themselves who work at night and ordinary people who work during the daytime. One evidence of this conflict, according to Mr. Shepherd: A day-time bookstore clerk had blandly informed him that a book for which Mr. Shepherd was searching did not exist because it was not listed in the store's catalogues. Shepherd urged his radio audiences to wreak havoc on "the day people" by bombarding bookstores with requests for the title which Shepherd had invented. The title: "I, Libertine." At this point publisher Ian Ballantine, impressed by all the shouting, commissioned Mr. Shepherd and a science-fiction writer named Theodore Sturgeon to produce a story to go with the fictitious title so that he could publish it. This they did in short order, using the pseudonym of Frederick R. Ewing. Now "I, Libertine" can be bought at any bookstore—that is, if you want to do so. Its slender story centers around the adventures of one Lance Courtenay, a nimble-minded fellow whose ambition it is to obtain entrée at the English court and to sample sin up and down the continent of Europe. Lance's first break comes when one Miss Lilith Axelrood makes a surprise non-financial payment to him for services which he, in turn, is to render to Miss Axelrood's mistress, the fabulous courtesan Elizabeth Chudleigh—a lady whose appearance in splendid undress at a royal party has become the talk of the *haute monde*. To nobody's surprise Elizabeth Chudleigh turns out to be none other than Lance's mother, and from that point onward the reader can decide for himself whether or not he is willing to pay the price of reading 160 pages to enjoy vicariously the ersatz pleasures of an ersatz libertine.

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The Library and Its Future

THE notion that the American public's interest in reading books is diminishing under the continuous assaults of radio and television is sheer nonsense. Though it is true that the standard publishers are finding it difficult to sell their high-priced products, there are now millions of copies of paperback reprints selling from 25¢ to $1.25 distributed in bookstores, drugstores, and newsstands throughout the country. The textbook publishers, faced with the steady increase of students in new and established grade schools, high schools, private schools, senior and junior colleges, universities, and technical schools, are having a Roman holiday. There are, for example, approximately 40,000 students in the University of California, and 150,000 college students in the city of New York. Imagine the quantity of books this means!

While it is true that fewer people are borrowing books from public libraries, the need for more and greater libraries and more thousands of miles of bookshelves has been recognized this year as never before. The 52 million volumes in the New York Public Library are not enough. The inaugural address last September of Ralph R. Shaw, President of American Library Association, was a plea for more libraries, larger trained staffs, and of course more money to meet the demands of more people in the Technological Age. "In the public-library field we have just completed resetting our sights. Our new standards attempt to outline a framework for better, more flexible, and higher level service than the nation has hitherto known. . . . We have achieved a phenomenal measure of success toward beginning to make library services available for some 27 million Americans who are not now served by local public libraries. We will be faced with a great increase in leisure. Can this leisure be used for increased and continuing development of the whole man? For his re-education into changing jobs and new social needs?"

There are many signs that Mr. Shaw's questions of the future of our libraries will be met by the efforts of the 20,000 members of the ALA and their leaders, beginning with a national plan for library recruiting to end the shortage of librarians which touches every section of the country, every type of library work, and every type of library.

THERE have been several vital moments in the history of the American public library, though active progress toward the modern library dates from the foundation of the ALA in 1876. The first, dim recognition of the library as a public necessity began far back in our history in 1803, when the town library of Salisbury, Connecticut, was established by a bequest. The oldest existing library maintained by public taxation of about the same date is the town library of Peterborough, New Hampshire. In 1883 the Massachusetts legislature granted the Boston Library $5,000 a year. Twenty years earlier the total number of books in all public libraries, including social libraries and book clubs, was not more than 80,000.

It was Andrew Carnegie, son of a Scotch weaver, who created the American library system. He came to this country at the age of fifteen to become the prototype of the heroes of Horatio Alger's novels. From messenger boy to telegrapher, to railway superintendent, to inventor, bridge-builder, steel king and, by 1900, one of the richest men in the country. He was the first to announce that private wealth is a public trust, writing that "the man who dies rich dies disgraced." He established the conception of a free library, open to all, and supported by public funds. His first gift went to his native town in Scotland; his next to his new home, Allegheny, Pennsylvania. By 1917 he had built 1,681 libraries in the United States and 828 in other English-speaking countries, and later he gave large sums to schools of library training and a grant to the ALA. He had started a wave of library building which swept across the United States. He built libraries always with only two conditions: the town or city must buy the books and establish funds to support the library.

Nineteen hundred and fifty-six has proved to be one of the banner years for the American library. In the closing days of last summer both houses of Congress passed the Library Services Act after ten years of effort by librarians and educators, authorizing the appropriation of 7.5 millions a year over a five-year period to help the states develop their own library resources for rural areas of 10,000 population or less. On top of this long-delayed benefaction the Ford Foundation in September established the National Council on Library Resources with a grant of 5 million dollars to be used within five years. A non-profit organization, it is designed to support research and the development of technique that will help to solve the acute problems of libraries. It intends to improve the extent and use of library resources and services, rather than a source of funds for particular libraries or the purchase of collections. It has opened up fields of speculation of which the public is not aware. The research library, for example, doubles in size every sixteen years, so that by the year 2040 the Yale Library might contain 200 million volumes on 6,000 miles of shelves. The cost of literary research in the United States today amounts to 300 million a year.

We have come a long way from the libraries of a century ago, and where it will lead no one knows; but this year has been a notable and hopeful one for the intellectual future of America. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KUBIE'S UTOPIA

WAS DR. LAWRENCE S. KUBIE serious in his viewpoints expressed in the article "Hidden Brain Power" (*SR* Oct. 13)? I am prompted to ask several questions. If man can so completely stop the medical weaknesses that afflict the body, at what equivalent age will he level out? Will man always remain the equivalent of a thirty-five-year-old man? Or forty-five? Or fifty-five? Or twenty-five? Or why not fifteen? Will medical science determine at what age man is at his peak and focus its efforts to keep him at that peak? How will it train the body to age to that point and no further?

Dr. Kubie wonders what will happen to the Hereafter, when no one graduates into it through death. But how can anything done here affect the Hereafter in its existence or in the condition of those who are already there? And even though he says that no one will be entering the Hereafter because man has conquered death, he does in two paragraphs admit the possibility of death through murders, suicides, or accidents. But if man is to become as enlightened as he visualizes, should man not have sufficient control over himself and his environment to do away with murders, suicides, and accidents?

Dr. Kubie is concerned about problems of "space, air, fuel, food, water, and transportation," and "family organization," and who "will license the young folk to procreate." I think the obvious solution to these problems can be found in his medical theory. He could just let the adults age to the point where they are no longer able to procreate, and he could keep the children just at the age where they are too young to procreate, and he would have his stable society. Perhaps a few should be allowed to mature in order to beget replacements for murders, suicides, and accidents.

REV. DAVID FLUSCHE, O.S.B.

Subiaco, Ark.

MEDICAL MORTICIANS

DR. KUBIE BRINGS into view the appalling prospect of the ultimate removal of all natural causes of death. Perhaps a revision of some ethical presuppositions is in order. Where up to now it has been the duty of the medical profession to keep us from dying, perhaps some day it will be its social duty to provide a convenient and dignified way to step off the scene voluntarily to make place for others.

E. C. VANDERLAAN.

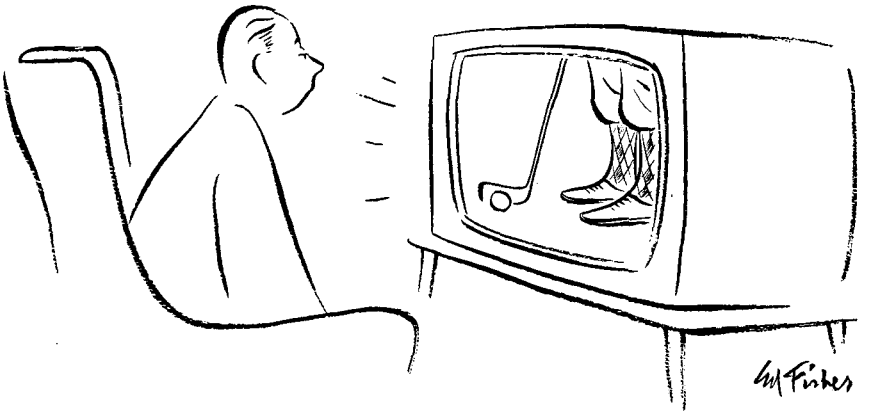
San Francisco, Calif.

DEATH OF PERSONALITY

HERE I'VE been telling history students that the naive optimism of Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer is dead. Any reasonably sensitive person senses that the indispensable context of all art and feeling is mortality and all that it implies. As for the perfectly silly moral appeal that we not await "the redemption of life in some increasingly remote and always hypothetical Hereafter" I gladly refer Dr. Kubie to old saints who do not know an Idiot Savant from the garden variety but who have always assumed that the redemption of life is going on here and now, and who understand quite well that the enemy is not the death of the body but of the personality.

ZENOS HAWKINSON.

Chicago, Ill.



". . . This is a paid political announcement—"

SENSATION-MONGERING

DOCTORS ARE people and people *do* have abilities beyond all present imagining. The greatest of these is what we can do in the present, with life as it is and as we are living it now. Better to think of the *safe* power source to replace the radioactive—of the education that *helps* the child—the measures that *reconcile* society. Let us not think about living forever instead of living.

ROBERT V. BELTZ, M. D.

Montpelier, Ohio

AUTHOR TO CRITIC

THOMAS B. HESS'S review of my book "Modern Art USA" (*SR* Sept. 15) is so completely condemnatory as to constitute a remarkable document even in the controversy-ridden art world. Hess says that I failed in the writing of a book about the "past decade" of American painting. Only the subtitle of my book needs to be read in order to discover that its subject is nearly *six* decades—1900-1956—of American art. Out of eighteen chapters roughly three-and-one-half are concerned with the last decade.

From that springboard of careless misunderstanding Hess dives headlong into a series of denunciations. For one thing, he says that I misquoted Rousseau's famous premise that all men are born free. Surely every schoolboy knows that Rousseau said this, but if Mr. Hess needs the source, let him refer to "Contrat Social," 1762, Book 1, Chapter 1. Next, says Hess, I am a "huckster." This, it seems to me, is the old charge of "Communist" put on, like a coat, backwards.

Next, my accurately quoting the pertinent and often profound remarks of various great artists is "gossip." More, it is "dangerous trivia." This news, I am sure, will surprise the artists.

After further niggling aspersions, Hess concludes that I am "neither accurate nor inaccurate." This, I submit, is the critical gem of the century. Perhaps Mr. Hess has confused my book with another recent one. This other book has a title page at both ends and can be read through from either direction, thus giving the reader two different stories. Hess's story must surely have been gleaned by reading "Modern Art USA" backwards.

RUDI BLESH.

New York, N. Y.

CRITIC TO AUTHOR

AS THE ONLY section of Blesh's book that did not rechew conventional patterns of "trends" dealt with the last decade or so, therein lay its only interest—subtitle or no. Blesh is too sensitive about his literary quotes. I merely called his reference to Rousseau (the Noble Savage, by the way, not Free Man) anachronistic.

I don't understand Blesh's cloak-and-suit metaphor about "Communism." But I can tell where prose using the phrase "art-wise" comes from.

He is often neither accurate nor inaccurate because he is so irrelevant.

My review was cut by about a third. May I mention, for Blesh's satisfaction, that his book gives a seriously distorted view of history because it wildly overestimates the roles played by Marcel Duchamp, Sidney Janis, Leo Castelli, and Douglas MacAgy in American art in 1940-1956—to name but four of many inaccuracies?

If Blesh wishes detailed corrections, I refer him to the individual artists he has almost invariably misquoted.

THOMAS B. HESS.

New York, N. Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mitropoulos's Philharmonic, Other Matters

AT THE risk of the epigrammatic, it may be said that conductors can be divided into two groups—those who strive for what is beyond them and do not achieve it, and those who achieve what is within them to strive for. The opening concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra's latest season under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos in Carnegie Hall put him, unequivocally, in Category II. The closer Mitropoulus came to his ideal of sound in a Concerto Grosso of Handel, Strauss's "Don Juan," and the Beethoven Fifth Symphony the more he missed what I would consider the mark in these works.

In conformity with conventional procedure, this was an opening concert designed to show off the orchestra—the Handel Concerto Grosso (Op. 3, No. 2) for strings, the "Capricorn Concerto" of Barber for the solo woodwinds, the Strauss "Don Juan" for the full virtuoso ensemble, and the Beethoven for "classic" discipline. The final purpose was intruded upon, however, by some basic shortcomings: the Mitropoulos tempi for Handel were mostly hurried and unsympathetic, the string sound (the group was much too large) was tense and without warmth, the whole style nervously unstable. The Barber is far from a great piece, but it might have sounded better with a smaller, more articulate string group against the solo winds (Harold Gomberg, oboe; John Wummer, flute; and William Vacchiano, trumpet). The Mitropoulos conception of "Don Juan" is searing and brilliant, but rather in a single coloration from first to last.

The Philharmonic is a resilient orchestra, one of the most versatile in the world. It can produce, on call, anything from Bruno Walter's evocation of the Vienna Philharmonic to Andre Kostelanetz's evocation of the Kostelanetz orchestra. It may not do these things with equal enthusiasm, but it can do them—given a clear understanding of what the conductor wants. After five years, plus, of Mitropoulos it has a microscopically clear idea of what he wants, and it gives it to him, down to the last vibratoless string tone, the most impersonal brass sound, the most steely, ringless percussion.

The odd thing about the Mitropoulos impact on the orchestra is not that it fails to respond, or that it plays without spirit or in an indifferent manner—rather it responds precisely to what he wants, with the kind of spirit he desires, and with a strong sense of loyalty to his own manner. The unfortunate fact is, however, that the more it gives him what he wants the less it gives us (in such a program as this) what we want to hear. This is no aimless hypothesis, but one based on tolerably close study of his work and some knowledge of his musical esthetic. To rule out the pleasurable aspect of sound is to rule out a fundamental reason for the existence of music. No amount of virtuosity, drive, or intellectual distinction can make music live where the bloom of life is minimized in the first place.

WHAT was advertised as a "Chaliapin program" was provided for by the introductory appearance of Miroslav Cangalovic, Yugoslav basso, in Carnegie Hall. To be sure a Chaliapin program no more guarantees a Chaliapin than a Paderewski program does a Paderewski. Here the promise was embodied in Konchak's aria from Borodin's "Prince Igor," a selection of the "Songs and Dances of Death" by Moussorgsky, "La Calunnia" from Rossini's "Barbiere," songs of Glinka and Dargomizksky, and liturgical music sung with a chorus directed by Nicholas Afonsky.

Cangalovic is a sizable man, and he has a voice to conform to his dimensions. It rolls forth without apparent effort, and the bottom and middle, particularly, are richly resonant. The top is weaker, and a little colorless. However, as heard in the Borodin and Moussorgsky matters, the artistic impulse is rather ordinary. His principal asset is vigor, and when it is not required the attention lags. Cangalovic has all the voice to be an arresting performer, but so far the required elements of dramatic impulse, imagination, and consequential personality are not evident. Bozidar Kunc was the pianist.

As a final premiere in the first season of Erich Leinsdorf's direction of the City Center, he offered a double bill embracing a new work and a good work. Unfortunately, the good work (Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat") was not very new and the new work (Orff's one-act opera "The Moon") was not very good. After a while, one began to think wistfully of the freshness and spirit of that newer City Center innovation "Susannah," its best new effort to date.

For that matter, "The Moon" is not very new either, dating back to a premiere in 1938 and a revision in 1941. It presents, more or less allegorically, a tale of dwellers in a dark land who wander in foreign parts where they discover the Moon. They mount a raiding party and take it back to their own land with them, charging for the "upkeep" of it. But the four "discoverers" each want to take a piece of it into the Hereafter with them. In the end St. Peter descends, retrieves the Moon, and the world is illuminated again.

Whether this has, in the afterview of the time in which it was written, a relationship to the dark "moonless" night of Hitlerism is probably a vain speculation. But the hypothesis makes as much sense as anything that happened on stage. Perversely, Orff commands a variety of musical resources to make almost any subject interesting ("Carmina Burana" and the other works of "Trionfo" attest to this), but the whole of the score is almost as backward-looking as those who steal the Moon. It is lyrical in a lumpy way, fanciful in a rather heavy manner, and at its best when it recalls Smetana, Moussorgsky, and other bygone masters. The vocal parts are prevailingly well written and the English text by Maria Messey was surprisingly intelligible, but the whole of it had a kind of bygone, outmoded manner which aroused curiosity rather than interest.

Let it be said for Joseph Rosenstock, who conducted, that he magnified its virtues, especially in the warmly flavorsome playing of the orchestra. This had real style, drive, and animation. Leo Kerz's stage presentation had suggestiveness, especially in the use of the projected scenery, the variations of light and darkness in accord with the subject matter. Leo Van Witsen's costumes—appropriate to the concern with after-dark matters—ran mostly to ill-fitting pajamas. Aside from the capable Norman Kelly, who sang the music of the Narrator with his customary intelligence, the principal roles belonged to the four Moon-discoverers—Donald Gramm, Richard Wentworth, Michael Pollock, and Joshua Hecht. Norman Treigle impersonated St. Peter.

The preceding "Histoire" had a virtuoso effort by conductor Jean Morel as its animating force, a beautiful playing of the score by a small ensemble (the first violinist, bassoonist, and percussionist were first-rate as well as female) as its sustaining interest, and some virtuoso reading of the Narrator's text by Christopher Plummer as an unexpected bonus. James Mitchell as the adventuring

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Mr. Slatkin's cup of tea

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soldier and Hurd Hatfield as the Devil were both well-suited to their roles, though the direction of them by Marcella Cisney left something to be desired in consistency of style. Many of the early episodes were clearly conceived and soundly recreated, but the jazz style introduced for the episode of the soldier and the princess had no particular relationship to the music. It is worth noting, as an incidental observation, that a turning point in "Histoire" is a card game, as it is also in Stravinsky's "Rake's Progress" (not to mention his whole ballet entitled "Jeux de Carte"). Whatever the details, "Histoire" showed the present producing team at the City Center capable of a unified, generally well-managed presentation, of good sound, good sight, and above all good sense.

ENRIQUE Granados's, "Goyescas" may or may not be an opera (New York has not had a chance to judge since its uncertain premiere at the Metropolitan in 1916), but it makes a delightful evening of music in Town Hall as presented at the opening of the Little Orchestra's tenth season under the direction of Thomas Scherman. Under such circumstances the patchy book invented to parallel the tableaux based on paintings of Goya does not make too much difference, and the vocal line imposed on the composer's orchestration of his piano pieces rides well enough. Over all is the freshness and verve of Granados's melodic invention, his assimilation of the Bizet techniques into his own harmonic bloodstream.

What a Spaniard might have thought of Scherman's rhythmic accents (the castenets in particular sounded machine-made) I fear to think, but his direction had animation and a kind of good will that atoned for much else. Of the generally excellent cast, there was the most interest in Pilar Lorengar, a young Spanish soprano who looks well enough to have a stage career even if she couldn't sing, and sings well enough to have a musical one without her good looks. Together they added to a personality of ingratiating charm, plus a lyric voice and musical instinct delightfully suited to the requirements of Rosario. Mignon Dunn, presently a mezzo, may, from the brightness of her top tones, also be on the way to soprano status. For the while, she did suitably what is required as Pepa. Davis Cunningham (Fernando) and Martial Singher (Pacquiro) had their roles well in hand and in voice. Too bad, indeed, that Scherman didn't go on to give, with this same cast augmented, the balance of the bill at the Met's introductory "Goyescas" — Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." —IRVING KOLODIN.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Todd's Extravaganza

THE Todd-AO process, after failing to develop unqualified enthusiasm when introduced with "Oklahoma," has been given a second chance with Mike Todd's production of **"Around the World in Eighty Days."** It has become a little easier to thread one's way through the maze of large screen systems, as public familiarity with them has increased, but in case a slight amount of confusion about them still exists, Todd-AO can be identified by its very wide, very deeply curved screen (Cinerama-like in proportions), its multi-track sound system (five speakers behind the screen, and nineteen others in various parts of the auditorium), and the illusion of three-dimensionality it now and then achieves, particularly in the panoramic scenes. It is now plain that when the system is used well it is highly effective. In Todd's movie it has been used well indeed; there is still a hill-climbing effect at each side of the screen, but this disadvantage is offset by the clarity and depth of focus of the image.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" would appear to be an ideal subject for the process, and I guess Mr. Todd has taken a giant stride forward in entertainment enterprise with this stunning adaptation of the Jules Verne book. Is it a movie? Is it art? Good Lord, these questions will have to wait to be answered until there is time for sober reflection. What it does seem to be without question is a good show—replete with high and low comedy, circus attractions, spectacles of various sorts, a great deal of attractive scenery, and scores of familiar personalities, many of them of high star luminosity. The thing runs for close to three hours, and maybe Todd's largest achievement is that he has kept it all in good, if not elegant, taste. Nothing seems too offensive, or particularly low-brow, and, just as at a vaudeville you might prefer some acts over some others, there is not always a sustained excitement but always something interesting going on nevertheless.

If I happened to like best some of the whimsical satire at the expense of the London Reform Club furnished by S. J. Perelman, I was also enchanted by the balloon sequences in which David Niven as Phileas Fogg drifts with his gentleman's gentleman, Cantinflas (as Passepartout), from Paris to a town in Spain. Niven takes to his role like duck soup, milking just about every comic and likeable quirk out of the Fogg characterization. Some of the more vaudevillish aspects of the show are handled by Cantinflas, a sort of Latin-American Chaplin who does all his own stunt work, including bull-fighting, capering atop a moving train, and sliding down a high wire. His accent is thick, but in keeping, and the man is a genuinely talented actor as well as a comedian.

At every possible stage of the eighty-day journey a "cameo role," as Todd has termed them, has been inserted, adding an additional running gag to the several that are kept going throughout the film. When Passepartout applies for his job as a gentleman's gentleman, it is Noel Coward who gives him his assignment. Mr. Coward has just gotten through listening to the complaints of another gentleman's gentleman, John Gielgud. Peter Lorre is a steward on a ship, Jack Oakie the captain of a steamsail side-wheeler attempting to cross the Atlantic (Fogg buys the vessel, and burns up everything burnable, including his top hat and cane, to keep the boiler stoked), and Marlene Dietrich a hostess at a San Francisco saloon. In minor but delightful parts are Robert Morley, Charles Boyer, Trevor Howard, and Beatrice Lillie, to single out only a few from the host who should be singled out. Michael Anderson's direction has found new possibilities for the "bug-eye" lens, and there should be no end of praise for the literately humorous touches provided by S. J. Perelman.

Todd himself has done something which has looked to be coming ever since the proscenium type screen was introduced. He has brought into being a theatrical kind of film entertainment, a kind of show-business bonanza that is going to cause some heavy thinking and reevaluations in movie business circles. The television age has, I suppose, made it inevitable. Lucky for us, Todd has created something that is not a mass-public horror, but that is genuinely delightful. He has demonstrated vistas and potentials in the monstrous technology of the motion picture. To keep up-to-date, it will be necessary to expose oneself to this latest product of the bug-eye. Go see it, and enjoy yourself. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Cultured Pearls

WHAT the English theatre does well, it does superbly. A brilliant delegation of British performers with an inbred talent for playing momentary irritations hot and heavy, but momentous events with subtlety and reserve, has combined to make **"Separate Tables"** a luminescent evening of theatre.

The difference between this cultivated beauty and a large number of similarly refined but infinitely less stimulating West End productions is that playwright Terence Rattigan seems to have planted his hothouse flowers not in an obsolete theatrical fairyland but in the rain-soaked soil of contemporary English existence. He has chosen a second-class residential hotel near Bournemouth as his setting, and he has peopled it with unexotic but varying characters. The majority of these remain the same—as is indeed the depressing fact in such hotels—for each of the two unrelated incidents that occur a couple of years apart and constitute two virtually separate playlets. Only the two principal characters change. Mr. Rattigan, who admits that his primary asset is a sense of theatre, has exploited this switch by stipulating that the same two performers play the leading roles in both playlets.

In the first Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton appear as a pair of giant-sized characters burnt out and destroyed by their passionate obsessions. He is a man with the fire and intelligence to have been prime minister now reduced to drink and a job as reporter for a radical periodical. She is a woman with the beauty and flare to have been a glittering society leader. Instead at the age of forty she has divorced two husbands and is assuaging her loneliness with narcotics. In an effort to get together with him after eight years absence, she invades his shabby retreat. But as before it is immediately demonstrated that together they will only repeat the violent pattern of mutual sadistic torture. The decision whether to explode out together or fizzle out apart is made more poignant by being arrived at among the ludicrously contrasting humdrummedness and unconcern of the smallminded residents.

In the second story Mr. Portman undertakes the role of an innocuous man whose fear of people has driven him to annoying strange women in darkened movie theatres and to passing himself off as a retired major. Likewise, Miss Leighton sneaks onstage in a disguise of plainness, bad posture, and inferiority complex as the permanently inhibited daughter of a ruthless dominant mother. The process whereby these two crushed souls gain an ounce of courage with which to face their emotional problem is accomplished when the mother overplays her hand by judging the "Major" morally and attempting to have him expelled from the hotel. One feels that in this play Mr. Rattigan is speaking about something that concerns him rather deeply. Does strict society drive its "abnormal" types into committing offenses against it, by its uncharitable treatment of their cases? And is a compulsion to a non-violent form of sexual perversity qualitatively more evil than the compulsion to smoke fifty cigarettes a day? Dramaturgically, he has loaded the answer by making the prosecution as unpleasant as possible, but because it is no less unpleasant than it actually is in life, its truth challenges us sincerely.

The performances as expertly guided by director Peter Glenville are masterpieces of discretion. As the beautiful proud divorcée Miss Leighton can make a subdued "no" to a tactless question say more than pages of dialogue. And in the part of the ugly duckling she seems to have mercilessly scraped her facade until it exposes the completely raw sensitivity of a wretched misfit. Mr. Portman's antics are more artificial as he exaggerates drunkenness in the first play and the swagger of the bogus Major in the second. Yet give him a scene of explosive passion or bitterness like his Strindbergian attack on his ex-wife's uncontrollable desire to enslave him or his quiet remorse afterwards and his sense of conviction is bone-rattlingly genuine.

In contrast with the fireworks provided by these two stars, Beryl Measor as the self-sufficient spinster who runs the hotel and prefers the memory of an unsuccessful love affair to marrying "Mr. Hopkins from the bank" gives a deliberately unspectacular performance that almost steals the show. Miss Measor not only guards against self-pity, but against the smug enjoyment of "self-knowledge." May Hallat as a completely candid hag who bets the horses; Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who plays the

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monstrous mother with frightening credibility; and Jane Eccles, who emanates great gentleness as a titled boarder each bring full realization to their subordinate roles. Donald Harron's young medical student hits the bullseye in moments of sarcasm. In short, "Separate Tables" offers us an unrivalled expertness of overall performance in British-type theatre and the most perfect play of England's most successful resident playwright.

"The Reluctant Debutante" is also a transplanted London hit that offers expert performances. Because he is writing a deliberately unambitious comedy, Douglas Home takes many risks that would probably sink any modern American playwright who tried to do the same thing. He paints a situation in which the audience is supposed to sympathize with the problems of parents doomed to attending and paying for their daughter's coming-out party. He also expects us to be concerned about the mother's snobbish desire to marry her daughter off to anyone from "a good family."

Yet out of this the performers fashion a carefree evening of first-rate fun and audience satisfaction. Wilfred Hyde White, as the father who accepts his wife's foolish and "immoral" behavior with a smile and complete obedience, but who retaliates by constantly saying what he can't help thinking, sometimes spills over into too much enjoyment of his own antics. But he compensates for this by the many moments when he throws away lines with absolute effortlessness. Adrianne Allan brings a social bulldog quality to the scheming mother that makes each contretemps a gratifying source of audience laughter. And Anna Massey enchantingly accomplishes the most difficult job of all as she makes the daughter innocent enough to ask a boy if she may kiss him, but wise enough to know how to deal with the assault of an unwanted suitor. Surprisingly enough, the comedy seems even funnier here than it did in England. And despite its record number of telephone conversations (twenty by actual count) and its occasional excursions away from austerity into silliness, "The Reluctant Debutante" may say more in merely hinting that marriage and the devices of civilized courtship may be more immoral and unsatisfactory than primitive, undisguisedly, lust-inspired mores than do a lot of realistic thesis plays. Perhaps, too, as the author suggests in one telling line, we are all secretly susceptible to the unrealistic jingle of aristocracy and high living. —HENRY HEWES.

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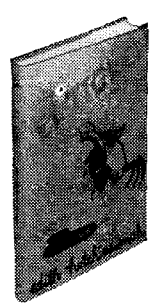

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TV AND RADIO

Community and Continuity

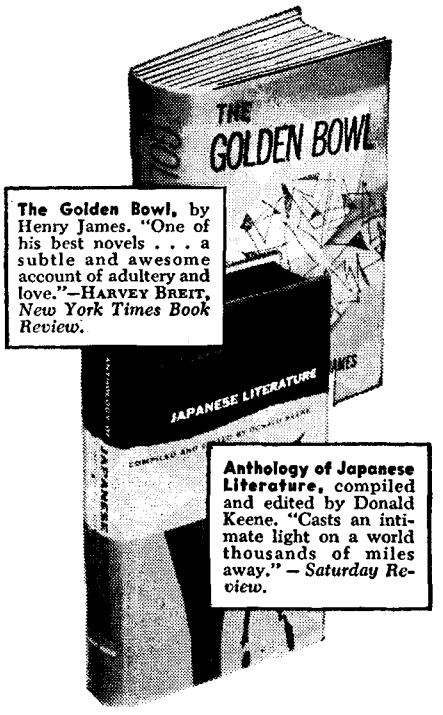
TELEVISION—under fire for monopoly, juvenile delinquency, and excessive "sell"—now stands accused of "mercilessly compounding a public-relations problem for a large American industry." An advertising agency executive wrote to NBC recently: "One of our accounts is a major tannery. We find that the manufacturers of leather jackets are facing an increasingly difficult hurdle through the use of the leather jacket as a sort of TV shorthand for hoodlums, crooks, murderers, and similar practitioners. I am not proposing that you cater to the egalitarian tradition by dressing your villains in tuxedos or tails. Nor need they discard their 'five-o'clock shadow.' But what can be done about giving them a wider choice of uniform? There are 3,500,000 horses and 95,000,000 cattle in the U.S. who are going to contribute their hides to this and related industries. So there is an economic problem here which affects cattle raisers, dairy farmers, and packers as well as tanners, garment manufacturers, and retailers."

For Stockton Helffrich, NBC director of continuity acceptance, and his thirty-five associates in six key cities who screen all broadcast material available in advance this complaint lay in the "reasonable" category. Also in this category was an American Dental Association request that TV shows avoid emphasizing fear of dental treatment. The American Psychiatric Association has submitted that many comedians are perhaps unintentionally guilty of poor taste in making fun of the mentally ill. A Jewish mother took exception to a children's program in which the narrator spoke of "the birthplace of Our Lord Jesus Christ." The complainant asked for the simple statement, "the birthplace of Jesus Christ," without the qualifying Christian designation "Our Lord." However, after scanning Dr. Helffrich's reports to NBC program personnel for the past year it seems that "reasonable" complaints from viewers are the exception.

How would you answer "a leading manufacturer" who asserts that Scrooge in Dickens's "A Christmas Carol" is "an unfair portrayal of the character of the employer"? Following an adaptation of a Dublin Abbey Theatre play, twelve telephone calls charged the network with maligning the Irish because one of the cast members was a reformed alcoholic. Lowercase lettering for the credits on a popular comedy show aroused a mother to accuse NBC of "fouling up the educators." Some lawyers were offended because a comedian jested: "We have 600 doctors and 500 lawyers. This makes Beverly Hills the sickest and crookedest town in the country." A dramatic show one night involved asphyxiation of one character by cigar smoke pumped into a tightly sealed room in which he was asleep. The next mail brought anxiety from an executive of the Cigar Institute of America over "too many more such lethal exploitations of so familiar a pleasure as the cigar." A lady viewer from Ithaca, New York, saw one program in a comedy series and wrote: "The entire program was based on the sexual attractions of a blonde girl and the disgusting animal passions of three men who drooled over her."

"An incredible number of people," observed Dr. Helffrich, the usually temperate and patient NBC continuity acceptance director, "waive a need for fair umpiring and constantly recommend to us characters in the broadcasting business what to do and what not to do. Some of the demands are mature and make sense; others are arrant nonsense." The NBC Chicago office received two postcards from Legion of Decency adherents. The cards had spaces for viewers to say "Why this program pleased me" or "Why I think this program is harmful." Both cards named the same comedy show; one found it harmful because of "the slinky-type night-club singers" and the other lauded "the variety of talent and the wholesome entertaining way it is put across." Dr. Helffrich wrote a nice letter to a gentleman who communicated: "The time has certainly come when some code of ethics or etiquette should apply to men on television who keep their hands in their pants pockets. . . ."

A network continuity acceptance department has its hands full behind the screen as well as in front. There is one area, however, where this network department should do more—that is the education of sponsors. A creative continuity acceptance can help dignify the material which clients permit to be written, but the original censorship from which TV painfully suffers lies with the unwritten tabus imposed on the artists by the grossly overrated fears of the sponsors. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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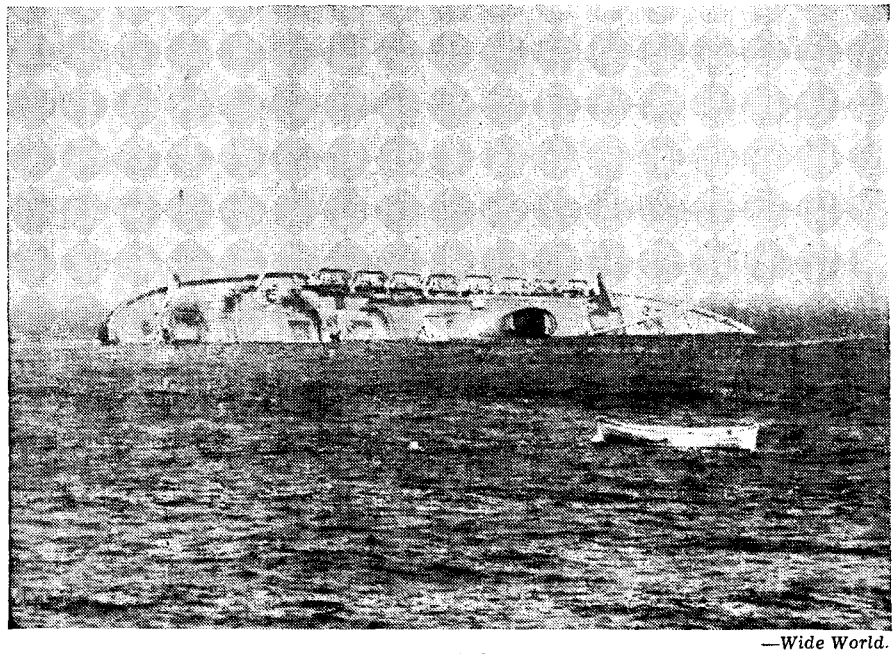
The Night of July 25—II



—*Wide World.*

The *Andrea Doria*'s last moments.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A prior piece on the* Andrea Doria-Stockholm *collision hearings by Horace Sutton appeared in* SR *Oct. 6.*

THE FALL had come and leaves had fallen, and the chill winds off the North River sent them rustling through the graves of Trinity Church, which is an enclave of peace and of green in the concrete of the financial district of lower Manhattan. Still, the issues weren't settled and the hearings droned on—seeking, probing, looking for someone to blame for the miscalculations of last July 25 which sent the *Stockholm* and the *Andrea Doria* careening into each other in a night that was either heavy with fog or bright with moon depending upon whether you believed the Swedes or the Italians.

Two weeks the twenty-six-year-old Swedish Third Mate, Carstens-Johannsen, had suffered on the stand absorbing, parrying, answering, countering the charges of the Italian Line's acid attorney, Eugene Underwood. Now the time had come to hear from the man on the other bridge, Captain Piero Calamai, master of the *Andrea Doria*, dead queen of the Italian merchant fleet. The hearings had moved now to the building of the New York County Lawyer's Association at 14 Vesey Street, whose nondescript gray façade looks out on the Trinity Church graveyard where the corpse of Alexander Hamilton was laid to rest after it had been rendered lifeless on the heights of Weehawken by Aaron Burr.

Carsten-Johannsen had been heard in a formal courtroom in the U.S. Courthouse on Foley Square. Calamai was on the stand in the auditorium of the lawyer's association, a long room hung with red draperies, crystal chandeliers, and oil paintings of twenty-one American jurists whose full import was doubtless lost on the navigator from Genoa who sat glum, dour, and ashen on the dais. At times his face seemed to disappear into the yellowish beige of the walls, and the ordeal of his time showed in the vertical gorges that ran like a pair of parentheses from his nose to his sharp chin. The thoughts weighed his head and he rested it now and then in the vise of thumb and forefinger pinched against the bridge of his nose. Sometimes his fingers spread like a restraining web against his cheek and his eyes narrowed to slits as he focused, as if focusing would help him translate the lawyer's words before they could flow in friendly Italian from the interpreter who sat at his feet below the dais.

Charles S. Haight, attorney for the Swedes, who had been so friendly and gentle when he had Carstens-Johannsen in direct questioning over on Foley Square, hardly changed his mien when cross-examining Calamai. His questions were long and often involved. Sample: "Is it correct that when the engineers pumped out the contents of double-bottomed tank fifteen and seventeen on the starboard side of the *Doria* they removed weight from the double-bottom tank level on the starboard side of the ship and thereby caused the center of gravity to rise?"

Taken by a court reporter on a stenotype machine (and recorded on a dictaphone as well), they had to be reread to the interpreter, Joseph Ivancich, former senior U.S. pilot in the Suez, a small man with a strawberry face and a strawberry pate that is retained by a fringe of brownish hair. Ivancich then translated Haight's question into Italian, and Calamai's answer into English.

There were frequent wranglings over the translations and each side would trot out its own Italian language expert the way they had retained what Underwood had termed "watchdogs" during the Swedish testimony. Underwood's watchdog this time was billed as *Professore* Francesco Berlingieri, a youthful Italian lawyer with a dark, narrow, and rather handsome face who appeared as if he had been extracted from the crowd of well-tailored boulevardiers who course the via Veneto in Rome.

As Haight plodded along, stringing out his involved, lengthy questions in a nasal, almost expressionless voice, there was, really, very little hint of controversy. Underwood was not deluded. Time and again he was on his feet tossing darts at the opposition. When Haight sought to set a time when Calamai had decided on abandonment Underwood said: "I object to that as a matter of simple arithmetic." When Haight sought a correct translation of the Italian word for fog Underwood growled, "This is not a semantical exercise." When Haight asked if the *Doria* "went down deeper in the water because she had lost buoyancy after the collision," Underwood snapped, "It should be unnecessary for me to tell Mr. Haight that the *Doria* sank."

UP ON the bench, Special Master Benjamin Matthews, one of the four attorneys appointed to preside at the pre-trial hearings, was the soul of happy impartiality. Whereas the first Special Master, former Federal Judge Simon Rifkind, had laid down his decision with firm authority, Matthews sometimes wondered aloud in his soft Georgia voice just whether he had the authority to decide. In his dark blue shirt, blue tie, blue suit, white thatch, and rimless glasses he looked like a selectman from a village in Maine. Sometimes at Underwood's barbed sallies he would smile, wave his hand at the attorney until you

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thought surely he would say, "Oh, pshaw!"

Once when Matthews dallied instead of deciding Underwood said tartly, "I take it my objection has been sustained." Still later when Haight sought to borrow the opposition's copy of an exhibit and Underwood crippled him with, "I'm getting tired of these cavalier demands," Matthews thought it had been directed at him and hurried to apologize. "I didn't mean to be cavalier," he said. Underwood cut in, "I didn't mean you. I meant Mr. Haight."

Still, Haight plowed forward, his eyebrows working nervously, his close-cropped black hair seeming to fit on the back of his head like a skullcap.

Haight: You gave no signal to abandon ship?

Calamai: No, in order to avoid panic.

Haight: No signal by ringing electric bells?

Calamai: No, to avoid panic.

Haight: What kind of panic did you seek to avoid?

Calamai: Due to the fact we didn't have enough lifeboats, I gave orders that passengers ascend to their stations.

Haight: If you had given the regular emergency signal, six short blasts, followed by one short blast and ringing of electric alarm bells, in your opinion there would have been panic among the passengers?

Calamai: Si.

Haight: Do you think there would have been panic among the first-class passengers?

Calamai: A few would have remained calm.

Haight: Do you think there would have been panic in all classes?

Calamai: I believe everywhere because panic is contagious.

When Haight pressed him about lifeboat drills Calamai held that drills are done under special conditions, whereas his knowledge of many disasters indicates that when conditions are grave panic always exists.

Haight: While you were on the bridge did you receive any report of passengers leaving the ship not by rope ladders or Jacob's ladders, but by rope lines?

Calamai: I didn't receive any reports from passengers, but I knew they were disembarking by various means.

Haight: Did you know they were going down by plain ropes?

Calamai: Ropes, Jacob's ladders, and nets.

Haight: Did anyone report to you that children were being dropped into lifeboats?

Calamai said that after he had got-

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ten ashore he had heard that a father in panic had thrown his daughter into a lifeboat. Underwood was on his feet. "This is the kind of emotional talk," he said, "that is given at the time of a summation to the jury. I take it Mr. Haight thinks of the jury as the gentlemen on your left." On the left of the judge sat the press, Italian and American.

Matthews allowed as how he was "not sure of the power I have." A few minutes later he called for adjournment. He didn't crack a gavel. He said, "Is it time for adjournment? Would you like to take a recess now and come back a little later? Would you like to come back at ten minutes to two?"

The courtroom began to disassemble for lunch. In the rush of people at the door I saw Third Mate Carstens-Johannsen, attired now not in his blue uniform but in a jacket of rough tweed. He was still ruddy and seemed if anything a trifle overfed. "Did you lose any weight while you were on the stand?" I asked him. "No," he said, patting his middle, "fine." But his eyes and his speech were nervous, and I wondered if they had been that way before the night of July 25.

AS USUAL, the Italian reporters rolled out of the courtroom five or six abreast, their rich conversation flowing behind them like a long scarf in a high wind. I heard them say "Automato" and "bambino" and could only judge that one wanted to eat at the Automat and the other was talking about Haight's dramatic reference to the child that had been dropped into a lifeboat. They didn't go to the Automat, but strolled down Ann Street. They walked in the gutter, reminding me of the Italians who seem always to fill the roads of Italy as if they preferred the expansiveness to the narrow path of the sidewalks. With unerring instinct they filed into Whyte's, a restaurant of some renown. Outside, a browser picked over hangers selling at a sidewalk stall, two for a quarter. A barber shop sweetened the air with lilac tonic, and next door a printing press snorted and puffed as it snuffed up blank sheets from a pile and emblazoned them with the imprimatur of an upstairs lawyer.

Soon it would be Columbus Day, and for Piero Calamai, the heavy-lidded, pallid man whose life suffered a rent almost as irreparable as the *Andrea Doria*'s that night of July 25, there would be a gift, a gift from a fellow Genoese who had sailed his ship in the same direction 464 years before. No court on Columbus Day. A chance to buoy the tanks with the air of New York in the fall, and so, for another day, to keep the soul afloat. —HORACE SUTTON.

Personal History

Continued from page 23

ple already encountered, all bound together by the Emergency, and of Han Suyin herself, for the book is also her story as a doctor and observer in Malaya.

A creative artist, at heart a poet, she writes of the Malayan people with a delicate perception that can catch as on a rapier point an elusive nuance of mood, a fleeting feeling. Elsewhere there is a luxuriance in her prose that is almost overwhelming, though perhaps it is only suitable to the lush, breathless, scented, ever-fecund land she describes, suitable to the mixtures within mixtures of Malay, Chinese, and Indian people, to the peacocks and the tigers, the rain trees and the ever-devouring jungle.

She makes one almost painfully aware of this jungle land, "of growth gone mad," of the stupefying heat, the mind sapping *ennui* born of no seasons, and in doing so makes more plausible the near hopelessness of the struggle. It is no one's fault. It is a predicament born of the past and of the future—the Asian thirst for freedom. Her pen becomes a scalpel, operating without anesthesia, when she exposes through her characters the bungling, the ignorance, the sloth, and the hypocrisy that attends the effort to destroy the Communists in the jungle. Her story of the women's section in the rehabilitation camp, presided over by a kindly Englishman who knows nothing (reminiscent of situations of our own that existed in Korea), is a classic in itself.

If Han Suyin enjoys her scalpel, she is also compassionate. The terrorists are wrong, but she understands the frustration and hopelessness that sends young Chinese into the jungle to murder and destroy in the name of a glorious future they haven't clearly thought out. Those who stay out, as one says, "are caught between two terrors, the jungle and the police, between fire and water." She understands, too, the frustration of the British officials, sympathizes with the best of them, who wonder uneasily at the justice of their cause, knowing sadly that they are mercenaries defending "rotting empires" and must go.

At times what Han Suyin sees leaves her empty save of desolate despair. From Ah Mei, the beautiful Chinese prisoner-informer, who betrays her jungle companions to save within herself one last loyalty, one last love, but in the end betrays that, too, Han Suyin learns that "there are places on this earth, in time and space, where is no space nor time, nor light nor air, nor any ground to grow for the strange weed called love."

Such a place, it seems, is Malaya, where only time perhaps can bring a cure. But time in Asia, or rather history, is moving fast, as Han Suyin points out, swallowing the years in great undigested bites. She offers no panacea or rosy picture for the future.

As a doctor and wife of a police official, Han Suyin had ample opportunity to know intimately the conditions and the kind of people she recreates so vividly in her book. There is nothing in her story to suggest exaggeration or distortion; it is perceptive, competent reporting. It is this excellence, coupled with the beauty of her creative art, that makes ". . . And the Rain My Drink" a compelling and exciting achievement.

EARTHA'S TALE: Latest of the entertainment-world figures to chronicle her life story is Miss Eartha Kitt, the lithe and feline chanteuse who is able to deliver her songs in no less than seven languages. Those who follow theatre and night clubs are already aware from publicity stories of the outlines of her career: that as a youngster she joined a Katherine Dunham troupe and with it traveled so widely that she learned the languages with which she now dazzles audiences. All this is in **"Thursday's Child"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.95), but in addition there is to be found a more earthy Eartha. This is the child who was born in the oddly named town of North, S. C., was abandoned by her parents and, as if this were not enough, shortly became the object of constant ridicule because in a Negro community she was a "yalla girl." Her problems seemed to be over when eventually a loving aunt in Harlem sent for her. Once she gets a scholarship with Katherine Dunham (of whom she gives a fascinating portrait) Eartha really begins to live, and her only problem today seems to be that she holds an irresistible attraction for wealthy white men who, when the promises are down, can't marry her. This makes her a girl who has found herself professionally, but not personally. Her autobiography lacks the shock-value of other similar ventures in the field, but it is a thoroughly rewarding book. Largely this is because she has a gift for the pungent phrase and the flash-description that any seasoned author would envy.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

wife and a few tense days with her athletic, ghoulish husband; expertly the story builds up to an ambiguous climax alive with its own special kind of terror. Ward Dorrance's "The Devil on a Hot Afternoon" is a complex, beautifully wrought story of character contrasts and the awareness of evil; the distraught Miss Catherine and the children, and Abe Knowles and Indian Belle, and the violent events that shatter the drowsy calm of a summer afternoon, have about them the classic reality of figures struck in silver.

Several of Miss Foley's selections effectively mirror some of the tensions and problems of contemporary domestic life. The effect of a "wrong" marriage on both partners and their children, for example, is the basis of such good stories as George R. Clay's "We're All Guests," Wesley Ford Davis's "The Undertow," and Ruth Branning Molloy's "Twenty Below, at the End of a Lane." Also noteworthy are William Eastlake's story of a white trader and two Navajos in drouth-stricken northern New Mexico, "The Quiet Chimneys"; Robert M. Coates's characterization of a good-time Charlie on the way out, "In A Foreign City"; and intelligent work by several new young writers including Morris Brown, Nathaniel LaMar, Philip Roth, and John Shepley. These are competent stories, but one is not tempted to call them distinguished. This is not one of the most exciting or memorable of Miss Foley's collections.

A final word of statistics: six magazines are represented with two selections each: *Epoch, Kenyon Review, The New Yorker, Paris Review, Quixote, Virginia Quarterly Review.* The remaining nine stories were chosen from magazines, journals, and paperbacks such as *Mademoiselle, New Campus Writing,* and *Harper's.*

ALSO NOTED: "The Terrible Swift Sword," by Arthur Steuer (Coward-McCann, $3.50), pulls no stops in detailing the intimate experience of cadets at a Georgia military academy. The depth of adolescent sordidness that is catalogued seems incredible on the face of it, but twenty-seven-year-old Steuer, who has spent time in such an academy, makes it ring true.

"Bird of Sorrow," by John Romaniello (Kenedy, $3.50), tells about a Catholic missionary's exposure to Communist "liberation" activities in a provincial Chinese town. The author's personal experience, thinly disguised as fiction, is told sympathetically and vividly.

"Our Valiant Few," by F. van Wyck Mason (Little, Brown, $3.95), is an action-packed account of the South's desperate attempts to break up the North's strangling blockade of Charleston. One of Mason's best, sure to please his legion of fans.

"The Golden Quill," by Bernard Grun (Putnam, $4.50), is the story of Mozart told through the device of a diary supposedly written by his devoted sister Nannerl. One well-told anecdote after another carries along this engrossing first novel.

"Behold We Live," by Charles Dunscomb (Houghton Mifflin, $3), recreates the days when Christianity was outlawed in Rome, and tells of the slave Cedonius who tries to escape to Africa, lands in a Sardinian labor camp, and becomes a Christian. A well-paced, realistically detailed novel that now and again lapses into pulpit oratory.

"Thirty Notches," by Brad Ward (Macmillan, $2.75), pits a group of homesteaders against a gang that illegally keeps them off Government land in Wyoming. A hard-slugging tale told with a super-slick style.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

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—*From the book.*

The First Dragoons charging the Legion of San Patricio.

The Memories of a Rogue

"My Confession," by Samuel E. Chamberlain *(Harper. 302 pp. $5), is the memoir of a veteran of the Mexican War recently serialized in* Life. *Our reviewer, Walter P. Webb of the University of Texas, author of "The Great Plains," raises questions about its reliability as a historical document.*

By Walter P. Webb

SAMUEL E. CHAMBERLAIN'S "My Confession," a quaint book, containing the recollections of a mid-nineteenth century Yankee rogue, should appeal to those who like primitive artists, shameless liars, superb egotists, and perpetrators of literary hoaxes. There may be some doubt about the hoax, but the other qualities are too plain to require proof. The art consists of fifty-five illustrations, sixteen in color, most of them depicting scenes from the Mexican War.

The author served through the Mexican War, and the book is limited pretty largely to his experience in it. In the hands of a less imaginative person the book might have become valuable to the historian as a war memoir, but as it turned out the historian must handle it with caution and suspicion and at his own peril.

There is no doubt that Chamberlain was in the war. He enlisted at Alton, Ill., on June 12, 1845 at the age of sixteen. He was discharged three months later at San Antonio, Texas, to re-enlist in the regular army on the same day for five years. He described himself then as a laborer, and swore that he was over twenty-one years of age. His captain, Enoch Steen, certified that he was *entirely sober* at that time. The last entry on his army record, dated March 22, 1849, lists him as a deserter. As a deserter he went to California, but returned by way of the Horn about 1853 to marry and become a policeman in Cambridge. He entered the Civil War as a lieutenant and came out a general, but he left no record of his career after his California days. Aside from a brief account of his youth, his story covers four years, 1846-1850, a military career bracketed by a sworn lie on one side and desertion on the other. His later career was quite respectable and he became a leader in the Grand Army of the Republic in Massachusetts, but he evidently did not quit lying because a Boston newspaper recorded that he participated in a hundred battles, was wounded seven times, and had fourteen horses shot from under him. There doubtless would have been many more dead horses had he not died November 10, 1908, aged seventy-nine.

DESPITE the record, there is a thread of truth in his narrative. It is a thread on which he strung a necklace of beads made of falsehoods, exaggeration, and self-aggrandizement. His paintings show that he was with the Army in Taylor's campaign in northern Mexico. Internal evidence in the text is often, but by no means always, in agreement with the records and the accounts of contemporary writers. Occasionally he throws light into a dark corner. I have space for only one illustration: it concerns the execution of the Legion of San Patricio. There is a good deal of rumor and more speculation about a considerable body of Irish soldiers who were won over by the Mexicans, deserted the American Army, and formed the Legion of Saint Patrick in the Mexican Army. The story goes that these soldiers were captured and hanged. Rumor says that this incident has been hushed up and that the official records on it are difficult to obtain. Once I combed the official records of the Mexican War, but do not recall finding any mention of the incident. Chamberlain not only describes the whole affair, gives the dates of the executions, but furnishes one of his colored paintings showing fourteen men on horseback under the gallows with slack ropes around their necks extending to the crossbeam. The editor states that Chamberlain wrote of this affair from hearsay, but you would never guess it from his knowledge of the impudent remarks of the doomed men and the brutality of the executioners.

Though the author may not have intended a hoax, he has apparently fooled the editor, Roger Butterfield, who states that the manuscript "remained in obscurity for nearly one hundred years." Later he says: "Apparently the manuscript was all written between the years 1855 and 1861. . . ." I have a theory that Sam Chamberlain worked on this manuscript almost until the end of his life, and I know that he did so until 1903. Certain things that the editor tells, and certain things that the author tells are helpful circumstantial evidence. Sam was a great reader, steeped in the romantic literature of the mid-nineteenth century. After returning to New England he collected an extensive library, and in that library he probably had all the books he could get on the Mexican War, such as James H. Carleton's "Battle of Buena Vista" (1848), Captain W. S. Henry's "Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico" (1847), J. J. Oswandel's "Notes on the Mexican War" (1885), Samuel C. Reid's "The Scouting Expeditions of McCulloch's Texas Rangers" (1848), and Luther Giddings's "Sketches of the Campaigns in Northern Mexico" (1853). In addition, he may have got official records from the War Office. His style of writing is that of these books, and his paintings are like the illustrations in them. From these more reliable accounts he got the accurate dates and names, but his supercharged imagination led him to excesses.

So much for the probabilities and circumstantial evidence. Now for the positive proof that Sam Chamberlain was working on this manuscript as late as 1903. On page 271 in his chapter on the Scalp Hunters he describes "Judge" Holden of Texas, a talented member of the Glanton gang, and he sums up the Judge's abilities by saying that he was "in short another Admirable Crichton." He had read J. M. Barrie's remarkable play, and wanted to exhibit his own versatility. Barrie published "The Admirable Crichton" in 1903.

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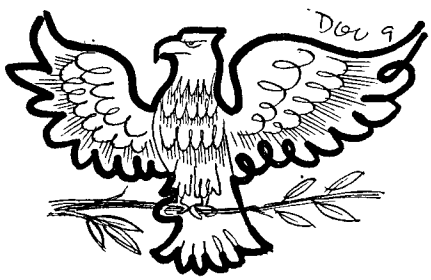


Revolutionary Era

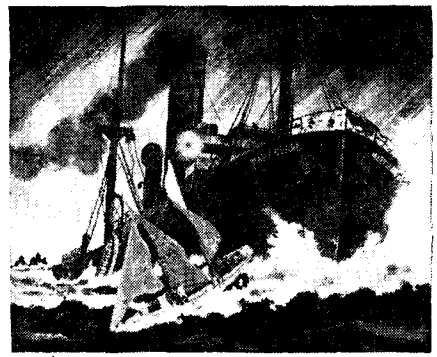
***"The Birth of the Republic: 1763-1789," by Edmund S. Morgan** (University of Chicago Press. 176 pp. $3), is a brief account of our history from the end of the Seven Years' War to the ratification of the Constitution, based on the most recent research. Leonard W. Labaree, editor of the forthcoming "Papers of Benjamin Franklin," is our reviewer.*

By Leonard W. Labaree

"WHAT is a good short book that I might read on the whole era of the American Revolution, interestingly written and by someone who really knows his subject?" Every American historian is familiar with this question, put to him again and again by his friends and acquaintances outside of professional circles. In the past this reviewer has usually had some difficulty in finding a satisfactory answer, but no longer is this true. In "The Birth of the Republic 1763-1789," Edmund S. Morgan has written a thoroughly readable little volume on the period from the end of the Seven Years' War to the ratification of the Constitution which, within its self-imposed limits, is very nearly a model of condensed but lively exposition.

Some readers will find that it gives them all they want on the subject; others will discover that it whets their appetites for more detailed and thorough reading on one of the most significant periods of our history. For the latter the author has supplied a useful bibliographical note suggesting further reading on many of the topics dealt with more briefly in his text.

As the title suggests, most of the book deals with what for the lack of a better term may be called political history. The military events of the Revolution receive only the briefest treatment, and those who want a fuller account of the operations of the armies and navies will do well to read the recent volumes by Willard Wallace or John S. Alden. Discussion of the social scene in America is also rather sketchy. The author has concentrated,



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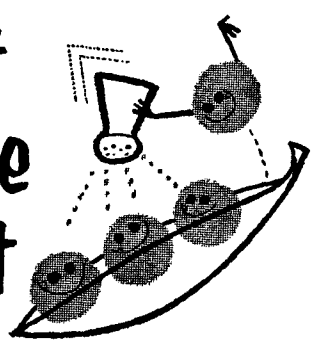

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first, on the causes and nature of the controversy between the colonies and Great Britain, then on the creation of independent governments, state and federal, following the break with the mother country, and finally on the struggle to bring about "a more perfect union," achieved at last with the adoption of the Constitution of 1787.

The years of conflict with Great Britain and of formation of the Union were years of great controversy, and the disputes which then arose have by no means wholly died away among the historians who have written of the times. Some have continued to disagree with one another—occasionally rather violently—as to the validity of political and constitutional positions taken by the leading figures of the period and as to the correct interpretation of events. The same is true with regard to the early years after independence. Mr. Morgan makes no attempt to dodge these issues. One of the merits of the book is that he lets the reader know quite fairly when there are important differences of opinion among the major authorities. Although he leaves no doubts as to where he stands himself, he makes plain that he is familiar with differing points of view and that other writers have sometimes reached quite different conclusions from his own.

In brief, his view of the whole period is one which will commend himself to most informed Americans of the present time: while our colonial forefathers disagreed among themselves on many points of detail and were influenced by a variety of motives and by many different personal interests, yet the great majority agreed fundamentally on certain basic principles of society and government. In the long run the principles on which they agreed were far more important than the details on which they differed. The achievement of independence and of union under the Constitution were the fulfilling of that basic agreement. It is well to remind ourselves of this fact.

MANHATTAN SKIRMISH: Most New Yorkers assume that Central Park was set aside as a public retreat because its terrain was unusually hilly, with an uncommon number of lakes and streams. Not so, Bruce Bliven, Jr. tells us in **"Battle for Manhattan"** (Holt, $3.50); the park's landscape is a tidied-up sample of what all Manhattan was like back in the summer of 1776, when General Sir William Howe, commander of the British forces, was eyeing it covetously as an incomparable base for military and naval operations designed to bring the rebellious American colonists to heel. Mr. Bliven's book is concerned with

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just two hot and muggy days—September 15 and 16—after Howe, the village of Brooklyn freshly bagged, led his redcoats storming across East River. The rout of the Connecticut farmboys they surprised at Kip's Bay (East 34th St.) would have been disastrous to the American cause if Howe had not suffered from a peculiar psychological block about carrying matters through to victory. By the second day General George Washington had sufficiently recovered from his daze and rage to send his Virginia, Rhode Island, and Connecticut troops into an assault on Morningside Heights (present site of Columbia University) that gave the Americans the heartening experience of seeing redcoats in retreat. The action settled nothing, for Washington soon quit the island and the war dragged on for seven years more. Mr. Bliven's little book contains nothing to instruct specialists in American Revolutionary history, but laymen will enjoy its brisk, clear presentation of an almost forgotten episode, and especially its perceptive sketch of Washington as man and general. Perhaps its greatest use will be to New Yorkers strolling through Manhattan's macadamized canyons in quest of the spoor of history. Mr. Bliven has taken pains to note exactly where each event he describes took place and documents it with prints (old) and maps (old and new). —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

EYEWITNESSING THE CIVIL WAR: For a bird's-eye view of the Civil War as it appeared to those who fought in it on both sides and for a general introduction to an understanding of the war itself there is perhaps no better book than "The American Iliad," by Otto Eisenschiml and Ralph Newman. Published originally in 1947 by Bobbs-Merrill, it has been brought out again as Volume I of a two-volume boxed set under the title **"The Civil War"** (Grosset & Dunlap, $10). The companion volume, by Mr. Newman and E. B. Long, is "The Picture Chronicle of the Events, Leaders and Battlefields of the War."

The Newman-Long book contains a number of Brady, Gardner, and Bernard photos, handsomely reproduced but not very significant. Its value for the non-specialist reader is a truly excellent chronology of the war, a gallery of 100 brief biographies of leading personalities and a handy bibliography of Civil War literature. The list of basic books should inspire those whose appetite is whetted to acquire

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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a deeper knowledge of the conflict. In another section, Newman and Long give a lineup of the opposing armies as a guide to the intricacies of the fighting. On balance, the book is a first-class job and might better be digested before the reader moves to Volume I.

"The American Iliad as Told by Those Who Lived It" is precisely what its title implies. Eisenschiml and Newman have woven together the best of the contemporary accounts—from newspapers, memoirs, letters, diaries, and official reports. Skilful editing and bridging produce a continuous narrative whose focus is sharp and whose battle pungency gives a true flavor of the war. Good maps illuminate the text. The net result is that the reader becomes a participant in the fighting. His perspective, of course, is that of the men under arms or that of the generals who directed them. The political, social, and economic perspectives of the conflict—even the contemporary ones—are skimped in this book. But with the knowledge gained from this book and its companion, the reader can go on to these other matters with a sure grasp of the military fundamentals of America's most harrowing war.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

LIFE AMONG THE SIOUX: The story of the Indians of the Northern Plains, especially the Sioux, in the latter part of the nineteenth century deserves more attention from historians. One informal contribution is Floyd Shuster Maine's **"Lone Eagle: The White Sioux"** (University of New Mexico Press, $4.50).

Mr. Maine is, of course, not a historian, but he is an exceptionally keen and sympathetic observer. He traveled the Northern Plains in the early 1900s in search of a brother who was reared from babyhood by the Sioux, found him by happenstance, and then ranched with him for many years.

The book is on two levels. The first is a detailed reminiscence of a rancher's life, interesting because it is comprehensive and told without bravado. The second belongs to Lone Eagle, Mr. Maine's brother, who tells of his boyhood and upbringing among the Sioux and gives their version of their wars and battles.

The high light of Lone Eagle's story is, as might be expected, the Battle of Little Big Horn, or Custer's Last Stand. Lone Eagle and Mr. Maine pay attention to Indian character and culture, with both, from an inner view, less primitive than might be imagined. It is a vignette, to be sure, but it has the advantage of clarity and of first-hand experience. A highly readable book. —A. W.

BUSINESS

Madison Avenue Pioneer

***"All Out of Step," by Gerard Lambert** (Doubleday. 320 pp. $4.50), is the autobiography of the advertising man responsible for the phrase "Even Your Best Friend Won't Tell You." Our reviewer is C. B. Larrabee, formerly editor of Printer's Ink and now Director of Publications, Applied Journals, American Chemical Society.*

By C. B. Larrabee

THE story of the campaign that made "halitosis" a household word, that established the headlines "Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Bride" and "Even Your Best Friend Won't Tell You," as part of American folklore is told in a just-published book "All Out of Step." The breezy and frank teller of the story is its chief protagonist, Gerard Lambert.

Some readers will find it hard to take the book seriously. Others will see it only as a description of a phase of American life which they deplore. Many will read it as a fascinating success story. Few, I suspect, will take it for what it is—a pretty realistic picture of business life as lived by one noisy sector of American business in the flamboyant Twenties. It supports some of the charges of the anti-hucksters, but it also shows how often they missed the mark entirely.

To most people west of Madison Avenue, advertising success is easy if you just have a slick slogan and a few million dollars. They don't know that it was the brilliant, bombastic merchandising brain of George Washington Hill that made a success of Lucky Strikes; not the slogans, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet" or "LS/MFT."

Listerine, and later Listerine Tooth Paste, became national best-sellers because of the genius, and it was that, of a few men—Gerard Lambert, Milton Feussle, Gordon Seagrove. A revealing sidelight of the devotion of these men to their task is the fact that Feussle changed the spelling of his name to Feasley because Lambert wanted to join him in forming an advertising agency and felt the people couldn't pronounce "Feussle."

The discovery of the word "halitosis" was sheer accident. During a search for good selling themes an old employee casually mentioned it as a synonym for bad breath. Even though 82 per cent of the people in one advertising agency said the name was no good, Lambert saw it as a heaven-sent combination of science and nicenellyism.

That, if you will, was inspiration. But the real success of Listerine was based on a combination of boldness and infinite patience. No advertising themes were chosen until weeks of testing in groups of small towns where the effects of various ideas on Listerine sales in *every* available retail outlet were studied.

This took time and patience. But the result was a kind of advertising that may have disgusted the purists but sold a whale of a lot of Listerine. Within a few years Listerine's advertising appropriation jumped from $100,000 to $5 million annually.

Even more spectacular was the story of Listerine Tooth Paste. But it has been forgotten because it had no catchword like "halitosis." Economy was the key word in this campaign. Most tooth pastes at the time sold for 50 cents a package. Lambert tested a 25-cent tube against a 50-cent one. The 25-center lost money at first, but as volume mounted it began to show spectacular profits. So Lambert tossed out all the usual chatter about clean breath and germ-free mouths. The only mention of the tooth paste was that it was made by a good company. The advertising told consumers that they would save about $3 a year by using a 25-cent instead of a 50-cent tooth paste. At least half the space of every advertisement was taken up with a picture showing not the usual toothy beauties, but the things the consumer could buy with the $3 she saved. "It was a visualization of a specific reward for economy, instead of a generalization on the subject," explains Lambert.

His book contains much more than the Listerine success stories. Actually it is three or four books. There is the Alger-in-reverse story of the rich orphan who lost $700,000. There is a rather dull, name-dropping section about international yachting. There are chapters on Gillette razors and the birth of the Blue Blade. And finally stories of American politics, both Democrat and Republican. But it is the Listerine stories that count.

These latter achievements played a spectacular part in building our mod-

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ern system of mass merchandising. Unhappily, most economists and business historians can't seem to fit the Lamberts, the Feasleys, and the Hills into the conventional picture of economics. They and their counterparts in many manufacturing companies may have represented only one sector of American business in the Twenties. But they and their methods sold millions of dollars of merchandise and, indirectly, exercised a tremendous influence on social thought. You may not like what they did or the way they did it. But you can't dismiss them. They deserve far more consideration from serious historians than they have ever received.

THE ACQUISITIVE SPIRIT: In **"The Quest for Wealth"** (Simon & Schuster, $5), Robert L. Heilbroner has written a book abounding in ideas about man's acquisition as a phenomenon of society, and the result is an immensely readable, entertaining, and provocative book. Not the least compelling thesis of the book is Mr. Heilbroner's theory that the United States is still a highly acquisitive society, but the acquisitive spirit in the individual citizen has lessened. This judgment accords with that of many other social analysts, and it leads Mr. Heilbroner to a discussion of the inner drive for acquisition and an account of some of its more colorful manifestations in the history of the Western world. Before the sixteenth century Western societies are seen as non-acquisitive; they were filled with men who had acquisitive drives but the structure of the society gave them little chance for fulfilment. But America, which grew up during the rise of the industrial system (and which received more than a normal share of the Calvinist spirit) became by 1900 the most perfect example of the acquisitive society. In America the men of wealth were the men of ultimate power. Capital accumulation was the goal of the smart and the energetic. "I say, get rich! Get rich!" urged the Reverend Russell Conwell, and Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts affirmed that "Godliness is in league with riches."

What has dampened the acquisitive spirit during the last fifty years in this society where money is still the universal standard for estimating prestige? "There can be no doubt," says Mr. Heilbroner, "that the single most important cause was the Great Depression." From the immediate standpoint this appears to be so. As the economy failed to revive in accordance with the classic theory of self-regulating capitalism, businessmen and politicians of both parties advocated government aid. From the ensuing salvage operations came the first really high income and corporate taxes, and the adoption of the principle of government responsibility for social security. But from a long-range point of view these developments seem inevitable by-products of democratically controlled mass-production. If the Depression had not brought such changes World War II, for example, with its massive expenses and labor shortages, would probably have achieved the same results.

Mr. Heilbroner also shows how employment in a large corporation substitutes other drives for the pure quest for money, but possibly he overestimates the effect of this change on the community as a whole. Large corporation executives of all ranks are a small minority of the total business group. Retailers, distributors, servicemen, agents, and brokers make up the majority of American businessmen, and while one can agree with Mr. Heilbroner that few of them are hoping for great wealth, they are still highly acquisitive.

The last chapter of the book is given over to questioning the future direction and character of a capitalism with great and relatively evenly distributed wealth. Mr. Heilbroner is well aware that, regardless of the decline of acquisitiveness, values based on market worth still stand in the way of moral or spiritual ones. He thinks, however, without being specific, that "there may well be forces in a Society of Wealth which would lead it to embrace a scale of values in which sheer profitability [will occupy] a lower place.

—THOMAS C. COCHRAN.

CAUGHT ON THE HORNS OF MARXISM: Essentially John Strachey's difficulty in his book **"Contemporary Capitalism"** (Random House, $5) rises from an inability either to believe Marx or to leave him alone. Over and over again, he describes Marxian doctrines at pedantic length. Then he tells us they are wrong. But then he tells us they are not quite completely nonsense. Mr. Strachey tells us (and most truly so) that the appeal of Marxism lies in the fact that it gives people "an indispensable sense of understanding" while "the crash of this vast claim to have solved the problems of human society at one stroke reverberates through our century." It is a crash, indeed, which, if this book is a guide, still leaves Mr. Strachey feeling more or less empty, lost, and confused.

Mr. Strachey's experience as a practical administrator has, to his credit, convinced him that "notoriously we have got richer mainly because our productivity per hour of

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work has risen vastly by means of the application of new techniques. But this *all-important* [italics mine] development cannot be displayed if we reckon exclusively in terms of man hours." He says further, "In 1952 American 'monopoly capitalism' . . . had unquestionably provided the majority of the American people with the highest standard of life ever reached by the human race." He speaks of the wants of modern man as "endless." He admits that the share of labor has *not* declined as output has risen under capitalism, and hence that labor's level of economic enjoyment has kept pace with output. He stresses the importance of a party system and "alternative government" and, indeed, concedes that the question is not one of "the good or evil intentions of particular men" but of political organization. He sees the need for a "rule of law" and a diffusion and separation of governmental powers. He says: "It must be agreed that the leaders of the national economy, the skilled technicians and the high executives (as contrasted with the functionless shareholders) must at our stage of human development receive very considerably higher incomes than the rank and file of the community. Moreover, it has now been discovered *by trial and error* that this must be so, in the contemporary stage of human development in *any* form of society, whether capitalist or communist." [Italics mine.] Again, he says: "A comprehension of how political democracy . . . must work may be a disillusioning experience for some democrats. . . . If they suppose a party of the left will some day defeat, once and for all, a party of the right, and then live happily ever afterward, they will be disillusioned." Big unions, he says, may have "very democratic" constitutions, yet a "feeling of impotence and disinterest" may be experienced by the rank and file. It is hard to get real participation.

All these concessions obviously take Mr. Strachey, who also has a great deal to say about the present plight of England's economy, miles away from his earlier Marxism and most of them even from his earlier type of labor socialism, but do they take him far enough? He himself says, "Men repeatedly believe that they have made a major intellectual discovery . . . that they have corrected the unaccountable errors of the thinkers of the last generation. But what has in fact happened is that the underlying reality which they are trying to describe has *itself* [italics mine] changed." Mr. Strachey has certainly been caught in such a change.

—David McCord Wright.

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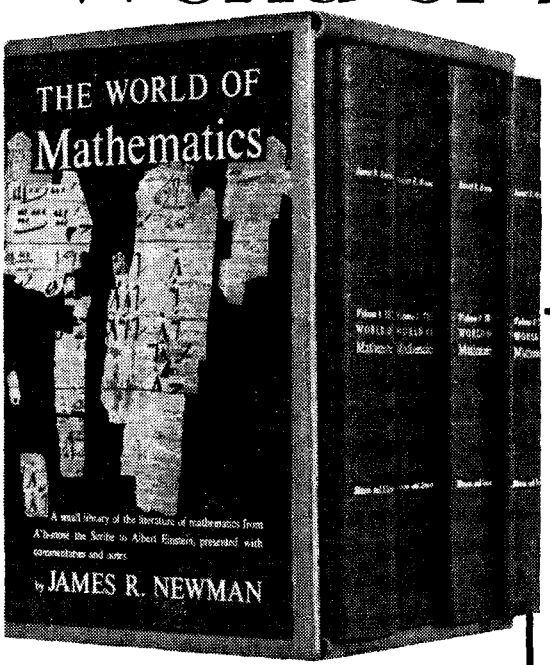

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SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier • Personality Portrait—VIII • Science in Books • Letter from a Science Recruiter

ARTICLES: The North Polar Thaw • Cold War Melting-Point?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

• *THE ELECTION AND THE NEW "NUMBER" ILLITERACY*

AT 8:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, on the night of November 4, 1952, polling places in the Presidential election had not yet closed in thirteen of the forty-eight states. Half an hour of balloting remained in New York City, three-and-a-half hours in San Francisco. Fewer than 3,500,000 of the 60,000,000 expected votes had been counted. No returns at all were in from twenty-one states which together commanded 286 electors—twenty more than the majority required to put either Dwight D. Eisenhower or Adlai Stevenson in the White House.

No human mathematician who valued his good name would have dared to predict the outcome on the strength of such fragmentary data. But the Univac, an electronic "brain" put together by engineers of what is now the Sperry-Rand Corporation, had been hired by CBS-TV for the express purpose of sticking out its mechanical neck. And when the robot was asked to name a winner, it came up with this reply:

> Stevenson five states, forty-three electoral votes.
> Eisenhower forty-three states, 438 electoral votes.
> The chances are now 100-to-1 in favor of Eisenhower.

No one in the TV studios had enough faith in the machine to give its answer to the public. Not until midnight, when the magnitude of "Ike's" victory was clear from fuller returns, did the human announcers concede with chagrin what a marvelous guess the robot had made. Days later complete returns gave Stevenson nine states with eighty-nine electoral votes and Eisenhower thirty-nine states with 442 electoral votes.

The one mistake that the big "brain's" human masters committed was to fear its conclusions as acts of mechanical thinking. Univac was—and is—a stupid *inanimal.* It is valuable only because of the enormous speed of its computations. It has time to make thousands of mistakes if necessary to reach the right answer. Its entire performance is carried out strictly in response to prior instructions. The real source of intelligence behind its spectacular Presidential prediction was the human mind of Dr. Max A. Woodbury, associate professor of statistics at the University of Pennsylvania, who spent weeks in advance formulation of mathematical equations to fit the voting patterns of 60,000,000 free people.

The inhibitions which stood in the way of Univac's recognition in 1952 were broken down to a large degree in the next two years. In the Congressional election of 1954 the "brain" reported from the beginning that the Democrats would capture both Houses. And one of its electronic colleagues—Burroughs's Udec at the Computing Center of Wayne University—came up with the winner of Michigan's governorship contest for the *Detroit Times* hours before the journalistic competition could catch up.

In the 1956 Presidential election next week, robot forecasters will be everywhere. Univac will again be performing for CBS. IBM's 705 will be working for NBC on forecasting and IBM's "transceiver" (a device through which computers talk to each other by telephone over distances of hundreds or thousands of miles) will attempt to speed up the actual vote count—thus demonstrating in full public view how branch factories of the automated future will be run by remote control. Udec will be on the payroll of the *Detroit News,* and the *Detroit Times* will switch to Burroughs's E101, a pigmy no bigger than an ordinary office desk. The newest member of Underwood's "brain" family, the Elecom 125, will team up on the ABC network with Louis Bean and report its figures directly on the TV screen. When half the votes of only seven or eight of the forty-eight states are counted, ABC expects to name the next President.

Only the Mutual network stands aloof from this rash of electronic prophesying. "We're going to report the actual count with old-fashioned adding machines," its press spokesman says. "No robot can tell how a human will vote."

The WOR spokesman is, of course, correct. No robot can tell how an individual will vote. But no mathematician expects a robot to do that. All that any computer can do is calculate the chances of occurrence of patterns of many votes—and the computation is made by comparing patterns of past behavior of the citizenry at the ballot box.

In these unquiet days of widespread concern for America's future scientific progress, the addition of the electronic dimension to this Presidential election performs a necessary public service—it focuses national attention sharply for the first time on the problem of a new illiteracy. The language we as a people need to learn is mathematics: the robot's number-tongue.

Why must we learn to talk to the robots? Because the robots are already forecasting weather, designing

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and piloting airplanes, analyzing the behavior of atoms, bossing factory assembly lines, meeting payrolls, and reading the pulse rates and blood pressures and body temperatures of hospital patients under the surgeon's knife.

How do we talk to robots? In the same general way that we talk to people who speak foreign languages . . . by translating. Those who translate accurate meanings from human words into the robot's arithmetical symbols are now known as "programmers." A "program" can take any one of hundreds of forms, depending on the particular job to which the robot is assigned.

If, for instance, an electronic "brain" were to be told how to pay off claims on accident insurance, the "program" would explain the procedures in terms of logical choices: if this person had lost an arm, his claim should be paid; if he had not lost an arm, his claim should not be paid. A quite different "program" would be used in, let us say, measuring the stress and strain on the wing of an airplane traveling at the speed of sound.

Mathematics *per se* is therefore only half the message that must be passed on to the robots. The other half may be concerned with predicting the market for a new soapflake, determining the most efficient loading schedule for a factory machine, studying the response of living organisms to the physical laws that govern combustion engines, examining the human heart and blood vessels in terms of hydraulic pumping, applying mathematical theories of combination to the inheritance patterns of the genes, or using the laws of chance to help solve psychological problems of individuals and the community problems of slums, traffic jams, and juvenile delinquency.

It is hardly an accident that Alan Gregg, Rockefeller Foundation veteran who has been nominated for this year's Lasker Award in public health, says in his new book—"Challenges to Contemporary Medicine" (Columbia University Press, $3)—that the medical student of tomorrow must look upon healing less as a cut-and-dried mixture of medicines and more as an intelligent correlation of the chances and probabilities which together total human well-being.

Put simply, what all this together means is that the electronic computer is a new blackboard for the schoolhouse of the immediate future. It is too expensive for common use yet. But every "brain"-maker in the country is engaged in greater or less subsidization of his own computers in the campaign against number illiteracy. One of the most spectacular gestures was made just last month at Harvard University, where Sperry-Rand gave a million-and-a-half-dollar Univac to Prof. Howard Aiken's Computation Laboratory. This month IBM, having already put a copy of its giant 704 at the disposal of New England schools clustered about MIT, will open another educational center in California for West Coast colleges, who are beginning to require their business students to study calculus.

• • •

ONE cogent reason for speeding the use of computers in the classroom was given by Dr. James R. Killian, president of MIT, in his address dedicating the new research laboratories of Union Carbide at Parma, Ohio.

"We must be sure," he exhorted, "that the university and institute of technology continue to be the recognized homes of free, unconsigned research and scholarship. It is important to recall that the universities have not always maintained their intellectual vitality or been the principal centers of creative scholarship. We need only recall the strange retrogression of the American college in the first forty years or so of the last century, or the general decline of the European universities in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Some of the great European creative minds of this period . . . did their work outside the universities, even declining, as did Leibniz, to be associated with a university. Such great scholars as Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Boyle, and Lavoisier had slight if any connection with universities, and much of the intellectual activity of the Age of Enlightenment occurred outside the academic environment.

"Universities did not become universities in the modern sense until, in the last century, they began to make themselves the natural habitat of unobligated research. Nor did they educate any significant number of scholars in the sciences until they brought together scholars with a consuming interest in expanding the boundaries of some chosen discipline and achieved that amalgamation of advanced teaching and research which is essential for the effective education of professional scientists."

• • •

ARCHIVES OF PATHOLOGY is publishing the complete text of Dr. W. C. Hueper's paper on food and cancer. We report this by way of penance for omitting to mention in our October issue that the paragraphs we carried over his name were a condensation of his remarks at the cancer symposium in Rome. We regret any impression our readers may have had that his manuscript was submitted for original publication in SR/RESEARCH.

• • •

PRESIDENTIAL election campaign propaganda notwithstanding, the British are now clearly ahead of the United States in peaceful development of atomic power. On October 16 Queen Elizabeth II officially opened the Calder Hall Nuclear Power Station and turned its electricity into the nationwide power grid of Great Britain. Not until next year, at the earliest, will the first American power station be put into operation at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, by the Duquesne Light Company of Pittsburgh.

The story of Calder Hall is told in engagingly simple terms—with practically no secret nooks or crannies—in a small book just published by Harcourt Brace ("Calder Hall," by Kenneth Kay; $3).

• • •

IN THE inaugural issue of SR/RESEARCH last March we published an appraisal of the Salk killed-virus vaccine against polio. The country's most experienced virologists, we said, were waiting hopefully for a live virus vaccine which they believed would be a surer attack against the dread paralysis. We knew then, but were not privileged to disclose, that Lederle Laboratories was growing pure-bred strains of attenuated (a million times weaker than normal but still living and potent virus) for Dr. Albert B. Sabin of the Cincinnati University School of Medicine.

Last month Dr. Sabin was the source of exciting news. He told the Ohio Valley Section of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine that he seems to be able to immunize people against polio by having them swallow a few drops of virus suspension in plain old cough-soothing cherry syrup. He qualified his claims because only 130 volunteers were involved in the first human experiments, which helped him choose the best three of eight strains of attenuated virus. And a still smaller number of humans—fifty-three—took part in later tests which "showed that as little as one 100th of a cubic centimeter of the culture fluid given in a teaspoonful of cherry syrup could with regularity produce an immunizing, symptomless infection."

"While the attenuated viruses either completely failed to multiply or else

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Dr. Robert L. Fullman, B. Eng., D. Eng., Yale University, joined the staff of the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1948. His fields of specialization include studies of microstructure in metals and alloys, recrystallization, and grain growth. Since 1955 he has been manager of the *Materials and Processes Studies Section.*

Better ways to make modern metals

Dr. Robert L. Fullman of General Electric applies basic studies to improve the properties of materials

The most direct way to make a metal object in a desired shape is simply to melt the metal and then "freeze" it in a mold. And scientists now believe there is *no fundamental reason* why castings should not be as strong and ductile as wrought metal.

Dr. Robert L. Fullman of the General Electric Research Laboratory is the leader of a group that is relating *microstructure* to the properties of metals — and then seeking processing methods to produce the desired structure. The basic mechanism by which molten metals *begin* to "freeze" — nucleation — has been modified through the application of recently developed theories; work in this area already has resulted in practical new materials whose improved properties are attributed to smaller grain size.

Dr. Fullman believes that when it is possible to control the *growth* as well as the *nucleation* of crystals, many of tomorrow's superior metals — for applications ranging from appliances to aircraft — will be made by methods as simple as those now used for cast iron.

As we see it, providing scientists with freedom and incentive to extend the frontiers of knowledge is fundamental to the creation of better products, better jobs, and more opportunities for human satisfactions.

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did so only to a limited extent in those who had already been infected in nature or had previously been fed virus experimentally," Dr. Sabin said, "the viruses did multiply with regularity in a group of thirteen human volunteers who had been given two doses of Salk vaccine. This indicated that natural infection as well as the experimental infection with attenuated viruses by mouth could interfere with the spread of the polio-viruses in nature, but that such interference could not be expected from the immunity produced by a killed virus vaccine."

The Cincinnati researcher, who has been working on the polio problem for a quarter of a century, is now preparing further "tests on increasingly larger numbers of human beings both in this country and in association with qualified investigators abroad." "It must be pointed out," he cautions, "that this merely represents the next step forward in the experimental studies on an oral polio vaccine rather than a transition to mass immunization."

If it is someday possible to stop polio by swallowing a spoonful of medicine, or maybe a pill, thousands of contributors to the March of Dimes can congratulate themselves on a good investment. A million dollars of their money, collected by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has financed Dr. Sabin's work since 1940.

• • •

DR. THOMAS M. RIVERS, assistant to the president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, confirms that Dr. Sabin has not yet requested funds for field trials of his oral vaccine. The Foundation continues to urge vaccination with the Salk vaccine.

• • •

NON-SCIENTIFIC housewives whose nerves are tattered by automatic gadgets which balk at the vital moment will be gratified to learn that their frustrations are shared by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. When that august body dedicated its smart, modern headquarters in Washington, D.C., last month, louvers that shade the room-tall windows from the sun—by opening and closing with the passage of day—refused to budge for their master-clock. The scientific remedy? Old-fashioned elbow grease.

• • •

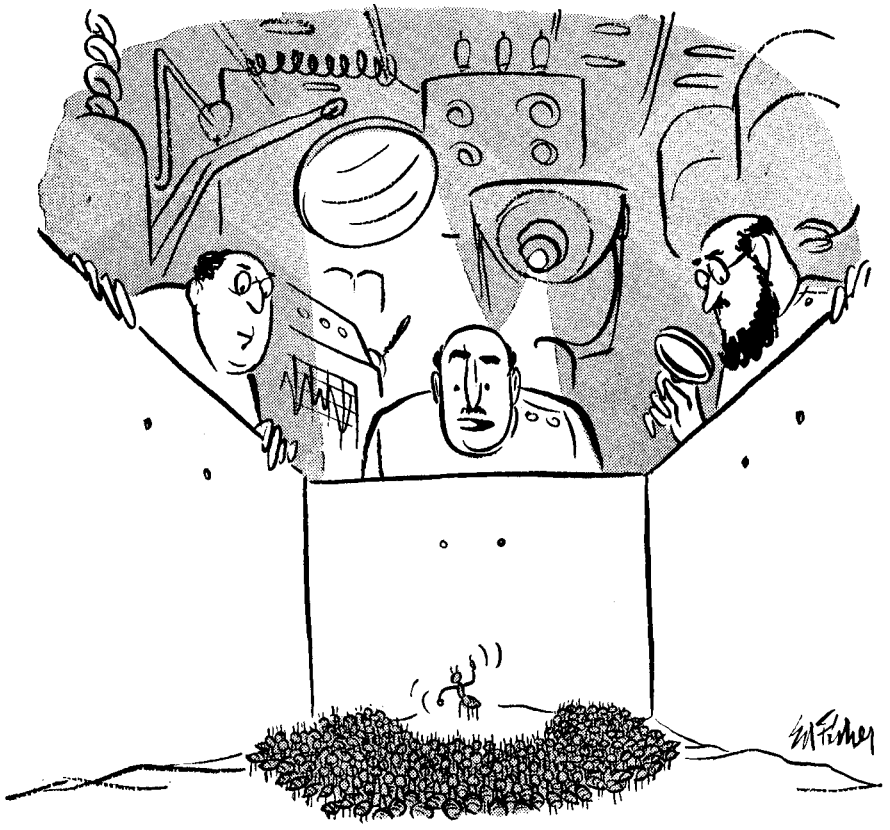
AT LAST a constructive use has been found for A-bomb explosions. Their radioactive debris has been tracked around the world through the upper sky as a means of studying detailed mechanics of the weather. One significant observation in a report published in *Science* by three meteorologists—L. Machta, R. J. List, and L. F. Hubert—is the extent of fallout as far south as Chile from a wind pattern whose main path crossed the heart of the United States. Apparently air currents cross the Equator to a greater degree than had been supposed. Maybe the natural heat engine that drives hot air poleward from the tropics can be just as temperamental as the oil furnace at home.

• • •

CANADIAN sources have passed on some notions of what kind of man-made moon the Russians hope to put into the sky during the International Geophysical Year (July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958). It will be about the same size (twenty inches across) as the satellite now being built by the United States, and about five times as heavy. The added weight may mean greater instrumentation or maybe even small animals as experimental passengers. This last would be in keeping with the Soviets' declared intention of demonstrating that they are not scientifically backward. Already they have taken on more of a task than the American moonmakers. The orbit of the Russian satellite will go around the poles, and will require 1,000 miles-per-hour more initial push from the launching rocket than will be needed at Cape Canaveral, Florida, where the gently southeastern flight path of the U.S. Navy rocket will take advantage of the momentum of Earth's own movement from west to east. The Russian orbit will begin further out in space than the American (460 miles compared to 300) and may consequently stay up longer.

• • •

WHILE most people interested in the IGY are craning their necks to the sky, a California scientist is looking the other way. In a letter to *Science*, Frank B. Estabrook, of the Los Angeles Basic Research Branch of the Pasadena Ordnance District, suggests the possibility of drilling ten miles down into Earth's crust. By doing so we might learn more about how continents are formed, where the globe's magnetism really begins, what store of radioactivity we can count on, and, just possibly, whether we are walking on diamonds. —JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



"Well, gentlemen, we've produced it—now let's see if we can cure it."

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

WHO'S ALARMED?

THE SECTION ON "Food and Cancer" (*SR* Oct. 6) gives full scope to the alarmist school of thought as represented by the Rome symposium report, Dr. W. C. Hueper's paper, and your own interpretive comments. At the time of the Rome symposium, and since, Dr. Hueper's paper was widely quoted because of its sensational implications. A few reporters noted that quite a different view was presented by Dr. Arnold J. Lehman, Chief of the Division of Pharmacology of the Federal Food and Drug Administration. Dr. Lehman does not accept the view that our food supply is dangerously contaminated with untested chemicals, and he is in an excellent position, first, to know what is being used and, second, to evaluate the pharmacological evidence available. However, such views do not make dramatic copy, either for the newspapers or, evidently, for your type of scientific presentation. We are informed that Dr. Lehman's views will be set forth in detail in an early *Quarterly Bulletin of the Association of Food and Drug Officials of the United States,* and I hope you will take occasion to look it up.

The box on page 62, headed "Commonsense Precautions," is a curious statement indeed. After conceding that there are at present no chemicals in American food which are definitely known to provoke cancer in man, it lists "a few items which bear watching." Surely this will be understood as a warning not to use these items; nothing could result from merely watching them. This has a horrid odor of hit-and-run journalism.

One of the items on the list reads "Canned vegetables (frozen ones have no added coloring)." Unless these are weasel words, they say that canned vegetables have added coloring. That is at least 99.9 per cent untrue. There is a trifling amount of two or three vegetables containing artificial color packed in large institutional size cans, but they do not reach retail stores. The canned vegetables that you and I buy and eat (and some 5 billion cans were sold last year) do not contain artificial color. Yet they come under your blanket indictment.

The problem of screening and ensuring the safety of chemicals used in the production and processing of food is engaging the earnest thought and best efforts of food officials, legislators, and the food and chemical industries. There is every reason to believe they will succeed, but this will not be hastened by alarming conjectures and reckless accusations.

C. A. GREENLEAF.
Associate Director,
Washington Research Laboratory,
National Canners Association.
Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Neither the Science Editor nor Dr. Hueper nor the report of the Rome symposium on food and cancer has expressed "the view that our food supply is dangerously contaminated with untested chemicals." What each of the three of us has said is (1) we do not know which animal-cancer provoking chemicals may cause cancer in man, (2) we should possess such knowledge before we permit any chemical to be added to food.*

If this is "an alarmist school of thought" it is apparently a large school and includes some otherwise conservative people. Dr. Hueper's paper, for instance, was approved by responsible officials of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare before he read it in Rome. The version which appeared in SR/RESEARCH *was a condensation for lay readers by the Science Editor. The full text included tables listing particular colorings which the U.S. Food and Drug Administration had certified as present in canned vegetables.*

What FDA's Dr. Lehman told the symposium of cancer specialists in Rome was: "If a carcinogen (cancer starter) is defined as a substance which will produce a neoplasm (cancer) in experimental animals regardless of the degree of response, the route of administration, the dosage required, or the time involved, then some chemicals presently used in foods would conform to this definition. We do not believe that a carcinogen is properly so defined." However, the final report of the Rome symposium states that "'a potential carcinogen' as used in this report refers to any substance which has been convincingly demonstrated to be carcinogenic to animals, and though not yet shown to act as such in man must be suspected of having a similar effect in man." And Dr. Lehman's name is signed to that report, which declares itself to be "unanimous."

NOT THIS PHYSICIAN

I WISH TO congratulate you on your excellent article "Food and Cancer."

Bought a couple of copies to pass around to other people.

A. LOUISE BRUSH, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

NOR THIS WOMAN SHOPPER

WE FELT THAT the articles "Food and Cancer" gave needed publicity to a problem which deserves more attention than it has been getting. You're to be commended for publishing them.

BARBARA JENSEN.
Baldwinville, N. Y.

WHY NOT BE NATURAL?

THANK YOU FOR Food and Cancer reports. May I make one little suggestion towards this complex and tremendous problem? Why not urge the growers of Florida oranges to leave their fruit the natural green? People would soon become accustomed to the idea, especially if it is presented as a health measure. The contrast of yellow pulp and green rind would be as attractive as the contrasts of other fruit: the red and white of an apple, the yellow and white of a banana.

(MRS.) SYLVIA REBOUSSIN.
Williamsburg, Va.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION

I WISH TO commend you for devoting a complete section to the increasing suspicion which is being leveled by chemists and nutritional as well as health authorities to the relationship between the rising incidence of cancer and increased use of the number and quantity of chemical additives in the growing, processing, and preserving of our foodstuffs.

Your readers may not be aware [that] there are at present about 200 producers and distributors of organically-grown foods in this country with markets purveying these poison-free foods in New York, Pennsylvania, Los Angeles, Kentucky, and many other centers. The Health Guild would be pleased to send those who will mail a stamped, self-addressed envelope a list of suppliers and distributors.

SYMON GOULD, *Director,*
The Health Guild.
New York, N. Y.

NOT SLEEPY, JUST MESMERIZED

I HAD NOT expected . . . the statement I prepared for THE RESEARCH FRONTIER (*SR* Oct. 6) to be as interesting in print as it turned out to be—especially the sentence in which I refer to the questions we ask as scientists, "the attitudes we exhibit, the values we display, the responses we make in observing and in reporting what we observe, the hypnotizing in which we engage, the . . ."

Hypnotizing? Could be!

My carbon copy shows that when the statement left my office the word was "hypothesizing." Could be the copy-reader's sleepy hand possessed a moving finger whose writing the workers in science should heed while there is yet time.

WENDELL JOHNSON, *Professor,*
Speech Pathology and Psychology,
State University of Iowa.
Iowa City, Iowa

SPACE HEATING

YOU REFER ("Space Cabin with Bath," *SR* Oct. 6) to the possibility of processing human wastes by solar heat or by "the great heat generated by high-speed flight (commonly called thermal barrier)." I would like to point out that this latter heat would be present during only a small fraction of the ship's voyage . . . for a very few minutes at the start, and perhaps, if landing is on an airless planet . . . never at the other end. Thus, I do not from this standpoint see too much utility in the suggestion for using this heat usefully in the way suggested.

RINEHART S. POTTS, *Secretary,*
American Astronautical Federation.
Pitman, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. William T. Ingram, New York University professor who was the source of the item on space-cabin bathrooms, comments: "I, myself, have little faith in the possibility of the use of the heat from the thermal barrier, but I cannot discard the idea until it has been explored sufficiently to justify a scientific conclusion."*

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Ordinarily the ideas contributed to this page are set forth in individual paragraphs by a number of research pioneers. But occasionally one scientist throws off so many simultaneous sparks as to command appearance as a constellation. Prof. Harold Lasswell, of the Yale Law School, placed himself in this latter category with his imaginative retiring address as president of the American Political Science Association. We reproduce here only the brightest flashes, in the belief that they illuminate the darkness of the future.*

By HAROLD LASSWELL

PART of our role [as political scientists] is that of scanning the horizon of the unfolding future with a view to defining in advance the probable import of what is foreseeable for the navigators of the Ship of State. It is our responsibility to flagellate our minds toward creativity, toward bringing into the stream of emerging events conceptions of future strategy that, if adopted, will increase the probability that ideal aspirations will be more approximately realized.

In what period of time (if at all) is it probable that manned or unmanned flying objects can be harmlessly destroyed before they are on target? Is there any prospect that new knowledge may be used in a few years to seal off great areas of the globe behind impenetrable "energy" shells? (The not altogether uninviting possibility is opened that disagreeable sectors of the globe may be sealed over, and left to their own devices much as small boys put dishpans over snake pits or gopher holes.)

Have we given enough serious attention to the task of reducing the human cost of whatever violence we cannot dispense with? I invite you to use your imagination to ask what an instrument of coercion would look like that incapacitates without killing, mutilating, or in any way imposing permanent incapacity. Possibly the instrument can be a "P beam," a paralyzing beam of sound or of some other kind capable of accomplishing the purpose.

The polar powers have a common affirmative interest in preventing the rise of an outlying gangster or maniac who might take advantage of the declining cost of nuclear weapons to hold up or gravely damage them both. In return for universal inspection of new installations they might be willing to contribute facilities and scientists to U.N. laboratories situated at intermediate points and devoted to research and development of new and fundamental scientific ideas. By providing for the possible exploitation of the results under collective auspices it may be possible to expedite the development of the U.N. into a genuine "third factor."

It is generally believed that peaceful cooperation can be most readily encouraged in the field of economic growth. And there are grounds for predicting that developments in the technology of production will rival the leaps that have recently occurred in weapon technology. Impending is control of weather and climate. Impending is the solution of the problem of obtaining pure water at low cost from the sea for irrigation purposes. Taken in conjunction with newly available energy sources it is not too early to anticipate the reclamation of the wastelands of the Earth. Deserts can be made fertile, tropical forests can be made fit for human life to the same degree as the more temperate regions near them, mountains can be transformed into plateaus.

Political consequences of changes in population and energy production depend upon the impact of these developments upon the "threat value" or the "asset value" of the members of the world arena to one another. One alternative of policy is to mitigate or modify this tendency. Can the Sahara, for instance, be jointly developed?

It must be conceded that American political scientists are not especially well equipped to participate in the planning function on the scale required. Although we are accustomed to corroborate the classical authorities and the Founding Fathers in praise of the middle classes as contributory to popular institutions of government, we have not as a rule dealt with these traditional doctrines in significant ways [even in domestic politics]. For instance, we have not explored the principles of proportion that are most likely to consolidate or to sustain at various stages of industrial growth the perspectives and operational technique of popular government. Shall we, for example, rely upon a 30-40-50 rule to guide public policy in regard to the permissible degree of market control permitted to private interests? (For example: When one interest has 30 per cent control of output, shall it be subject to special regulations designed to nullify the side-effects of power that go along with economic control? When one interest rises to 40 per cent shall we put governmentally appointed trustees on the Board of Directors? At 50 per cent shall Government trustees predominate?)

The same approach—the search for rules of proportion—applies to every institutional and personality pattern in a body politic. What are the optimum proportions of community resources to devote to elementary, intermediate, advanced, and ultra-advanced education? To research and development in science and technology? To positive and negative sanctions for correctional and other purposes?

We are perhaps even less well prepared to anticipate developments in genetics, experimental embryology, and related disciplines. Man is on the threshold of taking evolution into his own hands. By influencing the genes that constitute the key units in man's biological inheritance we affect the entire potential of future generations. The principal questions pose issues of a relatively new and different order. Some of these questions have already come up in controversies over artificial insemination. Shall we call a child legitimate whose biological father is not identical with the sociological father? Even with the consent of the latter? With spermatozoa from a known

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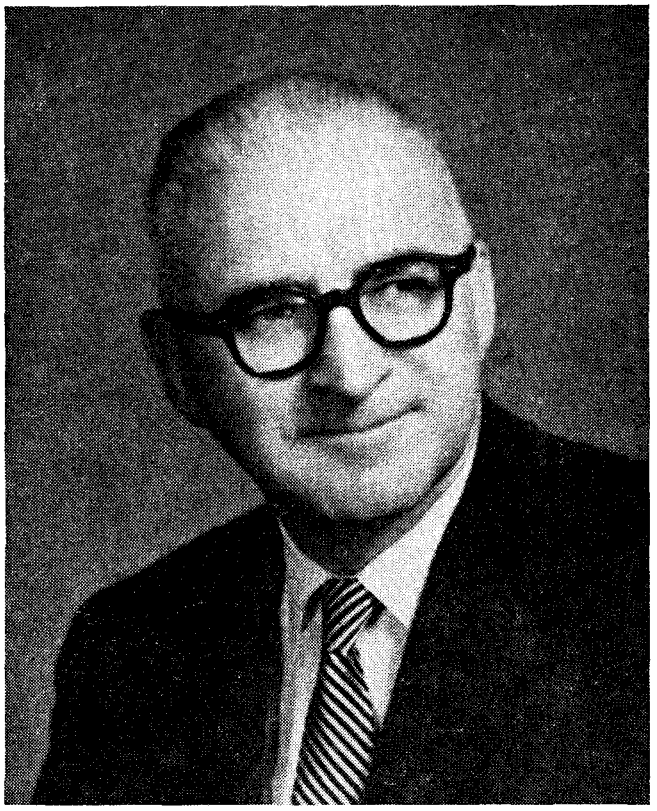

Professor Harold Lasswell.

or unknown source? (A possible international question is whether a nation-state like the U.S. can claim the child as a citizen if the spermatozoa employed originated with an American mail-order house and was sent by air mail for use abroad.)

The assumption is often made that the continuation of sexual rectitude and even civic order depends upon charging every genital contact with the blessings and perils of procreation. The impending improvement of oral contraceptives, joined with other recent advances, are factors that already suggest the wisdom of other norms and sanctions of public order.

Apparently we are closer than most of us like to think to the production of species that occupy an intermediate position between man and the lower animals (or even plants). [In theory, at least, electronic robots can sustain their own existence through constant repair and reproduce themselves by manufacturing and assembling parts.] When do we accept these humanoids—which may resemble us in physique as well as in the possession of an approximately equivalent nervous and cortical system—as at least partial participants in the body politic? At what point do we accept the incorporation of relatively self-perpetuating and mutually influencing "super-machines" or "ex-robots" as entitled to the policies expressed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights?

Let us recognize that the traditions of certain non-Western European civilizations are in some ways better adapted to the problem than the Graeco-Roman and Judeo-Christian perspectives. They possess a relatively broad basis for identifying the primary ego of the individual with a self that includes more than strictly human species in the congregation of living forms. A world view that includes the possibility of reincarnation into lower animal shapes, for example, may prepare its devotees to empathize more readily with other than strictly human species and varieties. (Even they, however, may have their troubles with a mobile power plant in nearly human form.)

One way to jar "cakes of custom" out of the mind is to draft specifications for the first Mayflower *expedition to establish continuing occupation outside the Earth. (Possibly it could be "Noah's Jet"?) What proportion of men, women, and children of which culture or combination of Earth cultures shall we select? What ideological traditions, secular and sacred? What class backgrounds (elite, mid-elite, mass)? What individual group interest? What personality structures?*

It is not to be overlooked that the problem of human capability can become acute if in the years ahead we escape from our present habitat on the Earth, or are visited by other forms of intelligent life. There are, after all, untold millions of environments resembling our solar system, and it would be more remarkable to find that but one planet is inhabited by a complex living form than to encounter parallel developments. It would of course be embarrassing, at least, to discover that we are the savages or that we are put together on a markedly inferior biological plan.

The present situation does make it possible for political scientists to take the lead in a configurative approach to the decision process in society. It is quite unnecessary for any one individual to emulate the universal ambitions of Renaissance men. But each of us can at least widen the boundaries of the self and open the way to identify with living forms that differ from traditional images. We can step toward the possible reconciliation of a growing mastery over Nature with the dignity of freedom for all that lives.

If we are to serve the aims of historic recognition and of scientific analysis, one of our professional responsibilities is to expedite the development of more perfect institutions specialized to continual self-observation on a global scale. As a strategy of maintaining and improving their net value position, individuals continually make and unmake coalitions of an explicit or tacit character. Enough information has long been available to show a qualified observer that the private coalitions upon which members of the Soviet or U.S. elite depend for personal advancement are coalitions whose effect is to sustain rather than to supersede a divided world. Obviously the coalitions entered into by top officers in the Red Army, Navy, and Air Forces are not made with Americans; and *vice versa*. Nor do the corresponding coalitions of top diplomats, civil officials, or party officials cut across the intervening zone.

There are typical situations in which active elite elements have expected to benefit by means of a more perfect union. Ruling families have intermarried. Today this institutional presupposition is missing; the top men of the S.U. or the U.S.A. are not dynastic heads. Some historic unifications have been the outcome of duels between appointed champions in the manner of David and Goliath. This institutional predisposition is also missing. We take note, too, of the fact that thus far we have been unable to rely upon the appearance of an external group capable of being perceived as a common threat. The U. F. O.—the unidentified flying objects—have not as yet been shown to be intelligence eyes of another planet against whom we may conceivably combine.

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In the Absence of Davids to Challenge Goliaths,
Or of Indian Princesses to Marry Kremlin Bosses,
Only One Elite Remains to Bridge the East and West
—The Scientist

NORTH POLAR THAW

By JOHN LEAR

SR/Research (July 7) carried the following exclusive news dispatch:

"The State Department's continuing refusal to fill the vacant Science Advisor's post is causing serious embarrassment to American professions of all-out cooperation with other nations in celebration of the International Geophysical Year (July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958). At a meeting in Stockholm recently, countries whose territories reach into the neighborhood of the North Pole were asked to agree on joint exploration of the Arctic. Airplane flights were proposed for each of the participants, from the respective national boundary to the Pole and return. 'While you are about it,' suggested the Russians to the others, 'why don't you fly over the Pole, land at our bases, and then fly back again? We could fly to your bases and return.' American delegates were unable to accept the invitation. Using a device for which Washington long has belabored the Soviet in the U.N., our scientists had to say, 'We must consult with our Government at home'."

The consultations took place from that time until late September. Then, with the approval of the National Security Council, the news was at last confirmed. The State Department press release revealed very little beyond a decision to accept the Soviet scheme.

Last-minute frustrations are possible, of course. But it is not too early to note that science has brought the United States and the Soviet Union to the verge of a momentous expression of enhanced mutual confidence in the most sensitive strategic region of the globe—that is, the North Pole and the ice-clogged sea around it.

Beginning in March 1957 and extending through September—the period of maximum daylight in the Arctic—present plans call for alternate flights across the ice fields between Nome and Murmansk. One day the Russians will make the crossing, next day the Americans. These will be the first scheduled flights ever made across the Pole between Siberia and the New World.

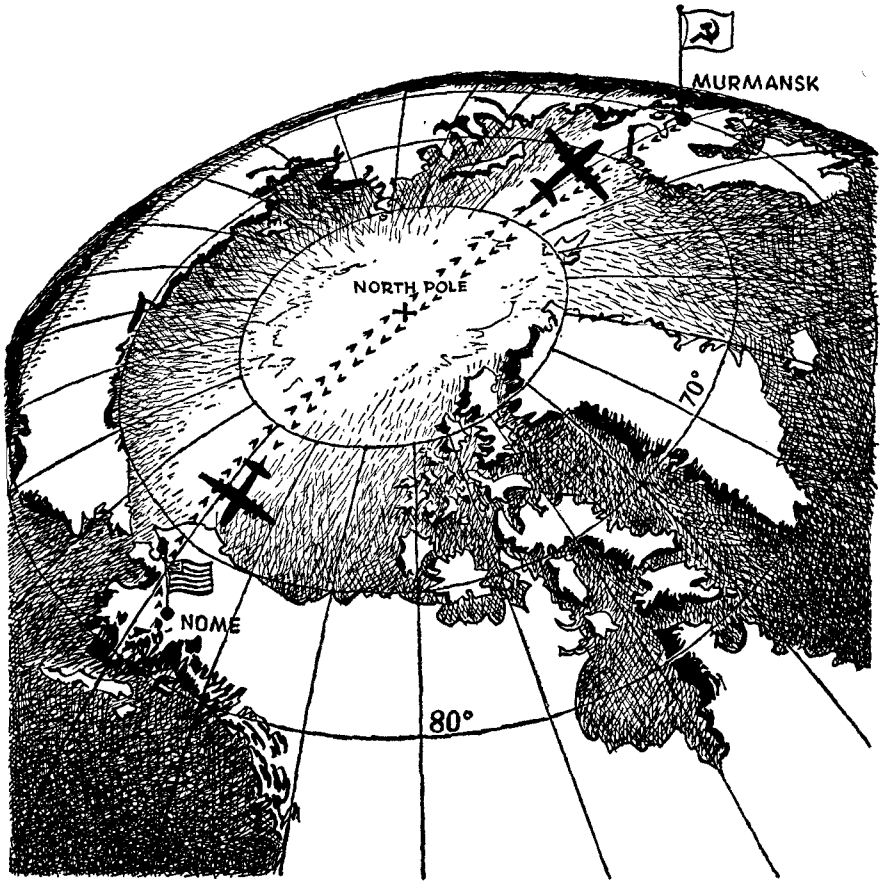
If nothing happens to interfere with the scientists' hopes, flying crews and scientific apparatus will be swapped to assure consistency of observation. Identical cameras, identically timed, using identical film, are essential to plot accurate patterns of wind, water, and ice flow.

This unprecedented camaraderie will not be limited to the air. Both Russian and American scientific teams will be floating around the Arctic Ocean on ice cakes as participants in IGY explorations. They, too, expect to visit back and forth—probably by airlift—to check maps and data. In the course of their peregrinations they will determine how winds vary in force from the surface of the ice to miles up into the sky. Another question they will answer is: how much sunlight bounces back from the snow and spends its heat on the frigid air?

No one predicts any such outcome, but it is quite conceivable that this joint scientific endeavor may uncover a threat to man so overwhelming in its dimensions as to turn the Cold War into a pinprick. For a major purpose of the IGY in the Arctic is to discover what triggers an Ice Age. Is it an earthly thing? Or is it wreaked upon us by the sun?

There is evidence in the rocks that four Ice Ages have occurred in a million years. The newest atomic geology clocks say that the last one, which spread ice 10,000 feet thick as far south as the Ohio and Missouri River Valleys, ended more recently than had long been supposed—only 11,000 years back. Indeed, a brief recurrence of it, called "The Little Ice Age," reached a climax only yesterday: between the years of 1600 and 1850. Surviving glaciers melted rapidly the world over during the 1930s. In the 1940s that melting slowed down. But many scientists believe that Earth is now passing through a warm-up period which will make the Arctic Ocean an open sea like the Mediterranean at least in summer by the year 2000.

Such a situation would be similar to the one which anthropologists think permitted primitive man to cross the Aleutian Island chain from Asia on



The North Polar ice has been an East-West no-man's-land. Science is beginning to turn it into a friendly bridge.

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dry land (which rose up when freed of the huge burden of its ice-coat) and thus to people America. And, just as the ice is believed to have closed in behind those immigrants and gradually driven them down to the lower tip of South America, so some scientists today postulate that the increased evaporation from an open Arctic sea will multiply the snows which in time congeal into glaciers.

Intermediate adjustments in the Ice Age process are of immediate interest to the Russians in their plans for development of Siberia, all of whose rivers flow north toward the Pole. The importance they place on movements of the ice is plain from their pioneering—now a generation old—of the whole Polar basin as a Northern Sea Frontier. Their first use of atom power for propulsion will be in an icebreaker.

Russian knowledge of ice behavior is far superior to our own, because Soviet scientists of necessity have studied glaciers intimately and have charted their growths and recessions for many years. Through the Arctic Institute, financed in part by grants from the Carnegie Corporation, we are only now beginning to analyze glacier "budgets"—that is, the balance between the amount of snow deposited each year and the amount of ice that melts in the same time. If such measurements are to be accurate, scientists must actually invade the ice itself and set up the instruments of a new science called microglaciology.

Although Canada's population is still too small to respond to expansionist pressures such as the Russians feel in Siberia, there has been a steady movement north in search of new subterranean riches. The recent tour of the Canadian Arctic by the Dominion's Governor General was, in effect, a modern planting of the flag to put anyone's doubts of sovereignty to rest. The northernmost islands are now known as Queen Elizabeth Land, even though practically no one lives on them. The Queen is not affronted to have this barren constituency (it doesn't even have an ice blanket) as a namesake because it is a geological extension of land which already has disgorged iron, oil, bauxite, nickel and uranium.

Our United States has been so fabulously rich for so long that it is hard for us to believe that two world wars have drained our natural resources to the point where we are on the way to becoming a have-not nation. Nevertheless, that is true. We, too, have practical reasons for helping to explore the Arctic ice, the heavenly mysteries of the aurora, and the earthly cantankerousness of the permafrost.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—VIII

AMERICAN SAGA, SCIENCE VERSION

Dr. I. I. Rabi, the Trailblazer Between East and West

NO LEGEND is deeper rooted in American folklore than that of Horatio Alger. To millions of people the ultimate guarantor of democracy is the boy who rises from poverty to fame. So, for those with honest wonder about the wisdom of making friends with the Soviets, there should be comfort in the identity of the man who blazed the new, still tenuous trail across the hostile postwar world from West to East. He came up from the slums to win a Nobel Prize. His name is Dr. I. I. Rabi.

"I want to be known as an experimental physicist, not as a statesman," Rabi has told friends. Schoolroom texts certainly will remember him as founder of the school of molecular beam theory. But the remainder of his aspiration is as unattainable as it would have been for Ben Franklin to restrict his role in history to the flying of a kite in a thunderstorm.

There is, in fact, more than a faint kinship between Franklin and Rabi. In 1779 the great Colonial printer-diplomat addressed—"To all Captains and Commanders of armed ships acting by commission from the Congress of the United States of America, now in war with Great Britain"—an order for unmolested passage of a ship commanded by the British explorer, Captain Cook. Just short of a century and three-quarters later, Rabi acted to restore that same free communication for science at a moment when most other men were fearful even to talk of the possibility.

Believing it to be unhealthy for any scientific inquiry to be limited to one land—even to his own land—Rabi in 1950 proposed at a UNESCO meeting in Florence that the nations of Europe create an atomic research center.

Believing that an open exchange of scientific information was bound to lessen international tensions, he pushed for the 1955 Atoms-for-Peace Conference in Geneva before anyone else had got up steam and after everyone else had abandoned the project as hopeless. When the Geneva sessions did come to pass, so many secrets were revealed that the delegates went home to a different world.

Though that changed world was a freer place, it was still not free enough for Rabi. Writing in *Physics Today* in May 1956, he railed against the residual tendency in the United States "to treat . . . the scientist as a commodity with all the appropriate export and import regulations which relate to important strategic materials."

It is a tribute to Rabi's sincerity of purpose and brilliance of persuasion that his bold approach to scientific freedom is now so widely shared. For he has a fearsome tongue. Those closest to him at Columbia University, where he is Professor of Physics, do not claim popularity for him, though they individually find him an intellectually stimulating experience, an unfailing fount of funny stories, and—when the number of emptied beer steins mounts sufficiently—a lively musical accompanist on a scrap of tissue and a pocket comb.

Plainly not a soft or lazy man, Rabi keeps fit without resort to the customary sports. Aside from the exercise implicit in household chores of a husband and father of two, his formula for robust health appears to consist of throwing ideas around wherever he goes, wrestling the most excellent thoughts of his students and colleagues, and walking briskly as befits a slum-dwelling East Side merchant's son who, having to hustle for a living, hustled far enough by the age of sixty years to be a maker of the atom bomb, a holder of the Medal of Merit, a science advisor to U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarsjkold, and a daring explorer of the brotherhood of man.

—WILL JONATHAN.

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The North Polar Exchange Just Described Is Not to Be Dismissed as an Isolated Incident; East-West Contacts of Scientists are Steadily Growing At a Dozen Points in the United States

COLD WAR MELTING-POINT?

Drawn from a Three-Year Study, Office of International Relations, National Academy of Sciences.

"IGNORANCE and distorted views of the outside world are deeper and more widespread—even among the intelligentsia—than heretofore had been realized by most students of the USSR. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the ignorance of the outside world prevalent among Soviet citizens."

Viewed from the standpoint of anyone who hopes for an end to the Cold War between the East and the West, that is undoubtedly the key observation in the recently published report by the Harvard Foundation for Advanced Study and Research on "How the Soviet System Works."

Obviously, any course of behavior that leads toward dissipation of ignorance and distrust on the part of the Russian people is worth pursuing. And one such course is the encouragement of freer movement of individual citizens across the American and Russian frontiers.

Ordinary visitors to the United States are required by the immigration laws to be fingerprinted before their applications for visas will be considered. Except in a few rather inconsequential cases, the Russians have refused to submit to this requirement on the grounds that in the Soviet Union only criminals are fingerprinted. This leaves open to prospective Soviet tourists only the "official" or "diplomatic" type visas for which fingerprinting is not deemed necessary. To be eligible for such a visa, the applicant must be accredited to his Government and accepted by the U.S. Secretary of State. He is admitted to the United States for a period of time specified by the Secretary of State and only so long as his official status in this country continues to be recognized.

Ballerinas, cooks, and artists do not easily qualify for this official status. Consequently, few of them travel to American shores. But most Soviet scientists have some official position with their Government at home, so it takes little stretching of interpretation for them to obtain official visas. Hence, the number of Soviet scientists now coming to this country is roughly equal to the total of all other types of visitors from Russia.

This influx began about three years ago and has been growing steadily since President Eisenhower enunciated at the Summit Meeting in Geneva in July 1955 his "seventeen steps" toward elimination of vitually all barriers to communication of ideas between the American and the Russian peoples.

At first the exchanges were understandably hesitant. Reciprocal visits by teams traveling under government egis were arranged on a rather formal, closely negotiated pattern. The agricultural and automation delegations of late 1955 and early 1956 were examples of this procedure. Then came more natural reciprocity. Organizers of scientific conferences here invited individual Russian scientists to attend specific meetings and the Russians accepted. Conference organizers in Russia invited American scientists to their sessions and the Americans accepted.

Today a fairly smooth routine is established. Arrangements for a typical visit by a Russian scientist begin when the organizers of an American meeting consult the Department of State about issuance of a visa. Since June 1956 the Department has operated an Office of East-West Contacts within the Bureau of Public Affairs, and this Office has a foreign-service officer especially assigned to science.

The Office of International Relations of the National Academy of Sciences has no record of a visa being refused to any Soviet scientist whose invitation has traveled through this channel. There is one case where the invited Russians failed to apply for their visas within the required two-week period prior to their date of departure from Moscow. Many times the Russians have offered substitutions for invited individuals who were unable to accept. To the knowledge of the staff of the Office of International Relations, no proposed substitute who was a *bona fide* scientist has been refused a visa.

Proposals have been made to change the fingerprint requirement for ordinary visas. One of these almost passed the last session of Congress, and passage at the next session is considered quite possible. It may be useful to

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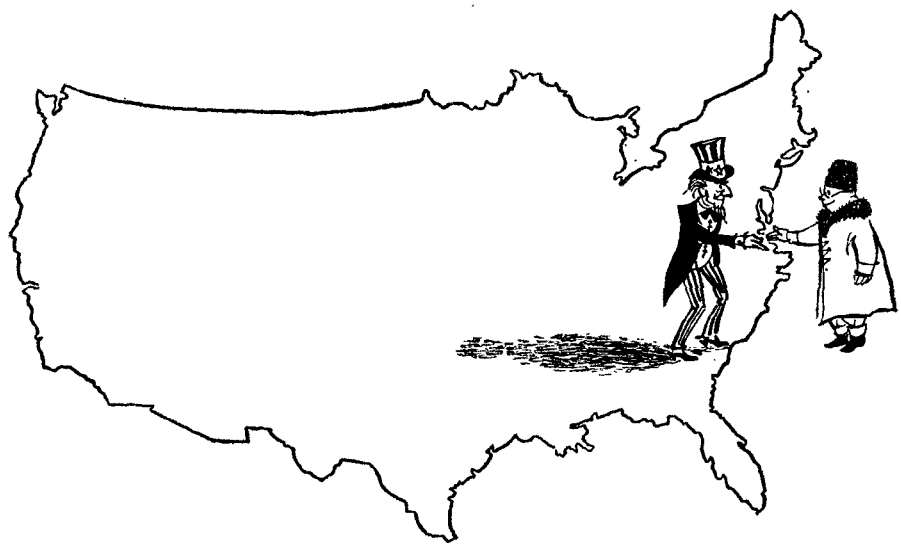
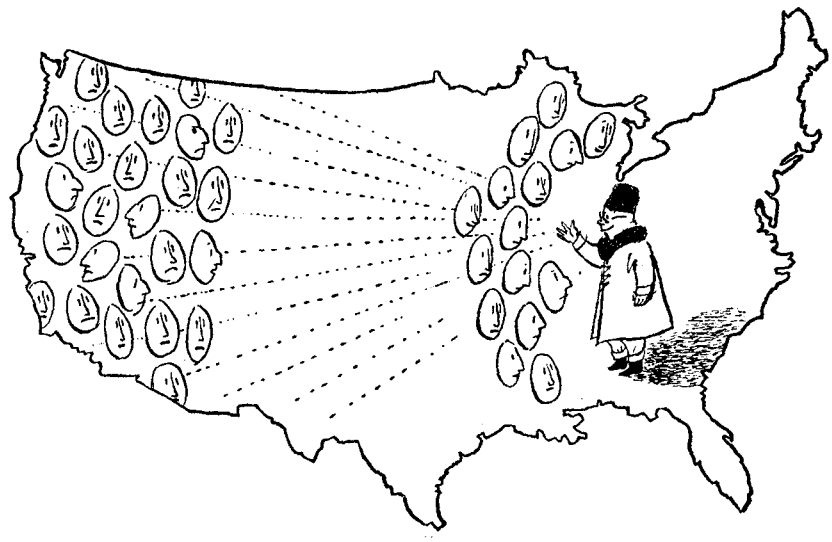
examine the situation in the interim, and to note that if citizens of the Soviet and its satellites apply for ordinary visas they will then be subject to many provisions of the immigration laws which are not applicable to official visas. In particular, "aliens who are members of or affiliated with . . . the Communist . . . Party . . . of any foreign state" are not eligible for ordinary visas except through waiver by the Attorney General upon the recommendation of the Secretary of State. Since most if not all citizens of the USSR probably would be assumed to have Communist affiliations, the use of ordinary visas, instead of official visas, would put the ultimate decision upon the Attorney General instead of upon the Secretary of State. While the Attorney General may have a real interest in foreign relations, his primary responsibility is internal security.

UNDER the present official visa procedure, approximately fifty Soviet scientists have participated in thirteen scientific conferences in the United States in the year that began with October 1955. The American hosts to these visitors estimate that each Russian made contact with from thirty-five to 100 American colleagues. In this context, "contact" was defined to mean at least a person-to-person scientific discussion. Talks before groups or merely courtesy introductions were not included. On the premise that the approximately thirty-one American scientists who attended meetings in Russia each made roughly equivalent contacts, the total number of contacts made between Russian and American scientists would range between 2,500 and 8,000.

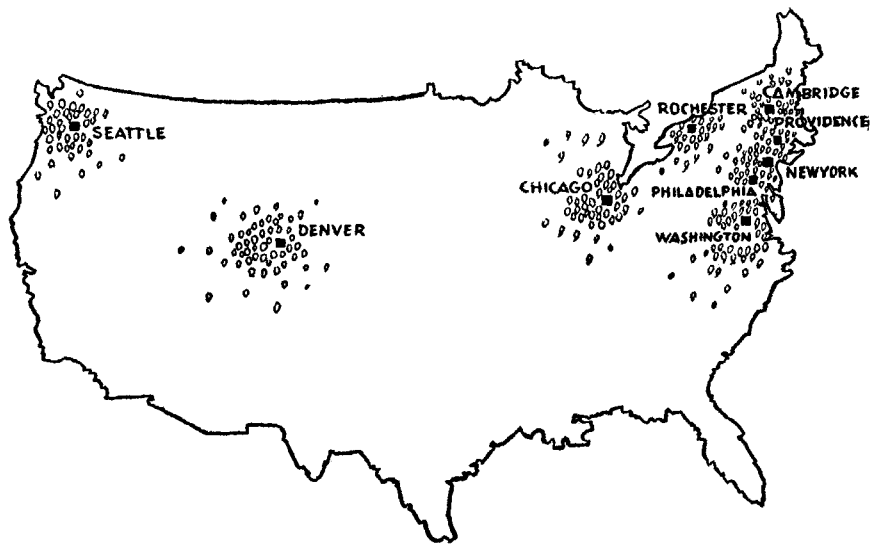
It is difficult to estimate the value of these visits. Weighing the political implications is outside the intention of this report. Increased mutual understanding also is impossible to assess in any quantitative manner although many favorable impressions have been manifest. Since the Soviet scientists who have recently visited the United States constitute a very small fraction of all Soviet scientists, one may well wonder about the overall impact which these visits make. However, those relatively few scientists who do visit the United States generally are among the more senior and presumably influential scientists within the U.S.S.R. Very possibly the real merit of these exchanges lies not so much in their intrinsic value but rather in their contribution toward the removal of the barriers which for many years, and still, prevent free communication between peoples in the Soviet bloc and those in the rest of the world.



Of what influence is a Russian scientist? He's only one Russian!



But while he is here he meets enough Americans (somewhere between thirty-five and 100 fellow scientists) to see that we sincerely want to be friendly.



And he sees us at enough different points around the country (Seattle, Denver, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Rochester, Providence, and Cambridge last year) to be sure that we're alike in our desire for peace.

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THE BIOLOGY OF ETHICS

THE ABILITY of man to choose freely between ideas and acts is one of the fundamental characteristics of human evolution. Perhaps freedom is even the most important of all the specifically human attributes. Man has freedom to defy necessity, at least in his imagination. Ethics emanate from freedom.

Admiration of the good and disapprobation of the bad is ineradicable from the human mind. Regardless of whether a person does or does not live up to the standards of ethics accepted in his social environment, he usually feels that these standards have some validity which he cannot gainsay. Yet the kinds of behavior which many ethical codes hold most praiseworthy do not always promote the survival and welfare of the person who adopts them. Indeed, the selfish often prosper more than the generous, the cunning more than the truthful, and the cowards more than the brave. The rule that whatever promotes the survival and welfare of the individual is bad is no safe guide in ethics. Yet such a rule would be expected to hold if ethics were a product of what nineteenth-century evolutionists called the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. There is a glaring conflict between the "gladiatorial theory of existence," seemingly implied in the evolutionary theory, and the Golden Rule, which, to most people, still stands as the most trenchant statement of the guiding principle of ethics.

Ways towards a resolution of this apparent conflict were not opened up until it was realized that the "gladiatorial theory" is not only not a necessary part of the theory of natural selection, let alone a part of the theory of evolution, but is, in fact, invalid on purely biological grounds. Biological fitness is by no means always promoted by the ability to win in combat. It is much more likely to be furthered by the inclination to avoid combat, and in any case it is measured in terms of reproductive success rather than in terms of the numbers of enemies destroyed.

Ethics have no genetic basis and are not the product of biological evolution. Natural selection has not propagated genes for ethics, or genes for inventing Euclidean geometry, propounding evolutionary theories, composing musical symphonies, painting landscapes, making a million dollars on Wall Street, loving the soil, or becoming a

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military leader. Such genes simply do not exist. Genes do not transmit and do not determine specific components of our cultural heredity.

The ability to study geometry, let alone higher mathematics, had no selective value in the ancestors of our species, and it is not certain that such abilities are biologically advantageous even at present. However, the ability of abstract thinking, or of perceiving causal relationships between events, did confer tremendous adaptive advantages on the human species. This basic ability has enabled man gradually to achieve a mastery over his environment, to develop ways and means to alleviate hunger, poverty, and disease. And the same basic ability has made possible the birth and development of science, art, philosophy, and religion. If natural selection has not developed genes for philosophy, it has favored genetic endowments which enable their carriers to become, among other things, philosophers. Science, art, philosophy, and religion are products of the basic intellectual powers of the human species. But their development, let alone the development of particular forms of science, art, philosophy, and religion which actually came into existence, was not contained in the human genotype [that aspect of man which is known to be inherited as opposed to phenotype: the whole man as environment molds him from the genotype] or predestined by it.

This does not mean, of course, that biological evolution has reached its end and has been replaced by cultural evolution. Man of the Old Stone Age already had the genetic equipment needed to develop a culture; this fact has led some anthropologists to conclude that no further genetic progress has taken place in human evolution since the dawn of mankind. Surely such a conclusion is not necessitated by the facts, and is most improbable on biological grounds. Our remote ancestors were biologically successful precisely because they came to possess the genetic wherewithal to acquire and to transmit rudiments of culture. Because of this adaptive success, the genetic equipment which makes culture possible is being maintained and reinforced by continuous selection going on in most human populations most of the time.

Any morality of evolutionary direction rests of necessity on our ability to determine what this direction has been and what it is at present. There is no single trend in evolution, but rather many different trends in different organisms. To be sure, some trends predominate in the evolution of some groups. Thus, the development of the cerebral functions, of intelligence, seems to have been the dominant trend in human evolution. Continuation of intellectual development becomes, then, a moral duty of mankind. But this is surely not the whole story. Human evolution has also involved many other trends, some of which were more constant than others, some which reversed themselves, and some which are of a degenerative character. Thus, there was for some time in the history of mankind a trend towards the differentiation of the human species into races, and towards biological divergence of these races. More recently, this trend was reversed because of the increasing mobility of human populations and of intermarriage between them, and human races began to converge. Which of these two trends should, then, be the basis of our ethics? And how about the allegedly great fertility of the intellectually less well-endowed persons and groups within human populations? If such a trend actually exists, surely it is more reasonable to think of combating it rather than assisting it.

SUPPOSE that future studies of human biology and evolution tell us exactly what the direction of evolution in general, and of human evolution in particular, has been. Just why should we take for granted that this direction, which we have not chosen, is good? The very fact that man knows that he has evolved and is evolving means that he is able to contemplate speeding up his evolution, slowing it down, stopping it altogether, or changing its direction. And his increasing knowledge and understanding of evolution may enable him to translate his thoughts into reality. Despite any exhortations to the contrary, man will not permanently deny himself the right to question the wisdom of anything, including the wisdom of his evolutionary direction. He may rebel against this direction, even though it may be shown to be a beneficial one.

Dostoevsky makes his Ivan Karamazov spurn the promise of the universe's evolution towards perfection and eternal harmony if this evolution must be promoted by the torture of just one innocent child. Ethics are a part of the cultural heritage of mankind, and consequently belong to the new human evolution, rather than to the old biological evolution. Moral rightness and wrongness have meaning only in connection with persons who are free agents, and who are consequently able to choose between different ideas and between possible courses of action. Ethics presuppose freedom.

—THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY, *in "The Biological Basis of Human Freedom" (Columbia University Press, $2.95).*

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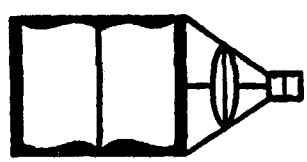

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LETTER FROM A SCIENCE RECRUITER

WHAT *IS* AN ENGINEER?

AS a Personnel Man of about twenty years experience, perhaps I've seen a few grassroots developments concerning engineers and the engineering profession which are pertinent to the problem of the "engineering shortage."

That a shortage actually exists can hardly be questioned. But I do have some doubt about just what we are short of.

It seems yesterday that we looked at the top tenth of the graduating class from the best school and offered $225 a month to the top man as a Trainee. Today, after expending as much as $100,000 in advertising for talent, we interview all the way down to the bottom quartile from any engineering school and offer even the bottom man transportation for himself, wife, and three children from one Coast to the other, $460 a month salary, plus all the overtime he can take.

If you are not engaged in science recruiting yourself, you may be somewhat startled to learn that the following examples are typical incentives offered to engineers in an attempt to persuade them to switch jobs:

Complete relocation expenses. This includes transportation for the engineer and his family to the new job, per diem allowance while resettlement is taking place, assistance in locating suitable housing, and "nominal" additional expenses incurred in the move. One of the "nominal" expenses which I have seen submitted recently was for new clothes line and electric light bulbs; another, for the difference in cost between highballs at the local hotel and the cost of liquor in the new employee's home state of Texas.

Guaranteed overtime work week. This allows the individual, frequently at his own discretion, overtime hours at premium pay.

Paid hours for attending school. A usual practice is to allow from eight to twelve hours of leave a week, with pay, for attending school of the individual's own choosing. A passing grade may be required.

Assured "merit" increases. Those who are making "normal" progress will be given increases. "Normal" means continuing to be alive and on the payroll.

It would be gross exaggeration to imply that all engineers take unfair advantage of the opportunities opened by the wild scramble for their talent. But abuses occur in any bonanza and this one is no exception. You ought to be aware of them because you pay for them in your income taxes. Most companies engaged in outbidding each other for engineers are doing so on government contract. The contract terms make allowance for advertising which helps to recruit men. This is legitimate . . . up to a point. But what about the following practices which can be readily noted by referring to the classified sections of any metropolitan newspaper:

Nationwide advertising for tracers, technicians or draftsmen who cannot be economically moved appreciable distances.

Advertising for highly qualified professional or technical personnel in areas where they are rarely employed.

Regular recruiting tours preceded and accompanied by flamboyant advertising in sports pages. The complete gamut of conceivable employment with the company is listed from archivist to zoologist although the recruiter is actually out to pick up a couple of physicists.

Surely no one will seriously contend that this kind of thing is what the new National Committee for the Development of Scientists and Engineers has in mind in promoting "an imaginative and vigorous effort" by both governmental and citizens' organizations to "maintain for us the technological superiority upon which our economy and our national security so critically depend."

Let's go back now to the engineering trainee of yesterday. He went to work at a drafting board and after a few years' use of the slide-rule made Draftsman. His carefully handled counterpart of today comes in as an Associate Engineer or Project Coordinator. Either title grants him the right to shuffle non-engineering papers at a mahogany desk, but no slide-rule privileges. Or he may be presented with a briefcase and a handful of literature and sent out to recruit more engineers to shuffle more papers.

DURING the last four years I have worked with engineers who were assigned as project business managers, labor coordinators, sales representatives, employment office interviewers, and recruiters. Even more fantastic, I have seen a chemical engineer made responsible for scheduling the work of janitors, obtaining their supplies, and changing bulletin boards.

Who profits from this waste of talent, time, and money?

Not the engineer, who may gain higher pay but is going nowhere professionally. Not the corporations, who are risking their future good names. (The aircraft companies recognize this and are beginning to act.) And clearly not our democratic society, which cannot afford to lose the countless hours of experience and educational potential for engineers capable of future research and development work.

—M. DE MILT AIRD.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1180

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Internal intricacy.	52 144 171 107 180 101 116 9 100 46
B. Harangues.	87 119 73 108 23 72 125 3 47
C. Nearsighted.	117 135 178 55 38 152
D. Principal staff officer in a command not provided with a general staff.	43 102 120 76 134 191 60 70 11
E. What is kept in the mind.	148 27 122 189 90 131
F. Shape of the highway sign whose message is "Stop."	124 66 166 147 21 109 62
G. Titular heroine of musical comedy in which "Tea For Two" was introduced, 1925.	51 45 179 81 112 59 95
H. Inventor of "Bitters" familiar to our greatgrandparents as a patent medicine (U.S.).	167 77 126 83 138 164 68 14 37
I. Sword of Sir Launcelot of the Lake.	58 80 165 6 143 69 184 153 155
J. Birds whose toes are connected by a membrane.	24 91 128 4 79 98 159
K. Three French wds. meaning the Eucharist.	146 130 12 176 88 82 183 71 36
L. In southern S. Amer., hedge plant Acacia cavenia, rich in tannin.	158 75 172 127 137 26
M. New Yorkers may be surprised to know that this is a perfectly good word meaning the Indian cheetah.	181 170 67 192 31
N. Frankish king whose device was three black toads.	160 129 132 78 139 106
O. Either of two inhabitants of opposite hemispheres or antipodes.	136 39 1 74 188 185 7 49 19 151
P. Consisting of a succession of metrically continuous cola.	113 187 190 85 54 163 65 142 121 33
Q. Jumped upon (2 wds.; colloq.).	2 56 123 94 34 35 18 10 92 161
R. Alpine peak on the Swiss-Italian border.	28 173 86 186 168 17 141 5 57 99
S. French soldier reputed to have first suggested colonization of Canada (1480-1543; after "de").	103 84 15 133 61 114
T. Preparation of chicle, sweetened and flavored, considered by foreigners to be a symbol of all Americans (2 wds.).	169 42 63 48 111 30 140 40 16 20
U. Young son of Hector and Andromache, whom the victorious Greeks cast down from the walls of Troy.	115 105 41 93 8 174 154 64
V. Emblem with which the queen of Word N replaced each toad (3 wds.).	13 89 149 175 53 110 177 22 156 32 97 182
W. Canadian provincial park S. of Lake St. John; local name for the Laurentians.	145 118 150 96 50 157 25 29 44 104 162

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 O	2 Q	3 B		4 J	5 R	6 I	7 O	8 U	9 A	10 Q	11 D	12 K	13 V
14 H	15 S	16 T			17 R	18 Q	19 O	20 T		21 F	22 V	23 B	24 J		25 W	26 L	
27 E	28 R	29 W	30 T	31 M	32 V	33 P	34 Q			35 Q	36 K	37 H	38 C	39 O	40 T		41 U
42 T	43 D		44 W	45 G	46 A	47 B		48 T	49 O	50 W	51 G		52 A	53 V	54 P	55 C	
56 Q	57 R	58 I	59 G	60 D	61 S	62 F		63 T	64 U	65 P	66 F	67 M	68 H	69 I	70 D	71 K	
72 B		73 B	74 O	75 L	76 D	77 H	78 N	79 J	80 I	81 G	82 K		83 H	84 S	85 P	86 R	
	87 B		88 K	89 V	90 E	91 J	92 Q	93 U		94 Q	95 G	96 W		97 V	98 J	99 R	
100 A		101 A	102 D	103 S	104 W	105 U	106 N		107 A	108 B	109 F	110 V	111 T	112 G	113 P		
114 S	115 U	116 A		117 C	118 W	119 B	120 D		121 P	122 E		123 Q	124 F	125 B	126 H	127 L	
128 J	129 N	130 K		131 E	132 N		133 S	134 D	135 C		136 O	137 L		138 H	139 N	140 T	
141 R	142 P	—	143 I	144 A	145 W	146 K	147 F	148 E		149 V	150 W	151 O	152 C	153 I		154 U	
155 I		156 V		157 W	158 L	159 J		160 N	161 Q	162 W	163 P		164 H	165 I		166 F	
167 H	168 R		169 T	170 M	171 A	172 L	173 R	174 U	175 V		176 K	177 V		178 C	179 G	180 A	
181 M		182 V	183 K	184 I	185 O	186 R	187 P		188 O	189 E	190 P	191 D	192 M				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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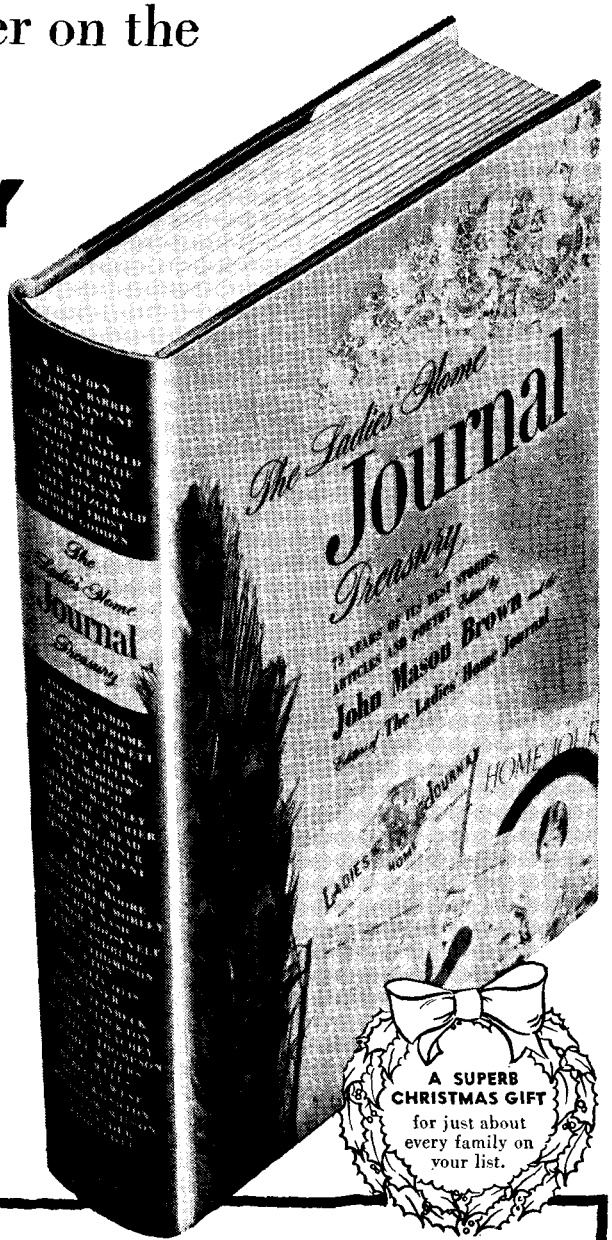

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